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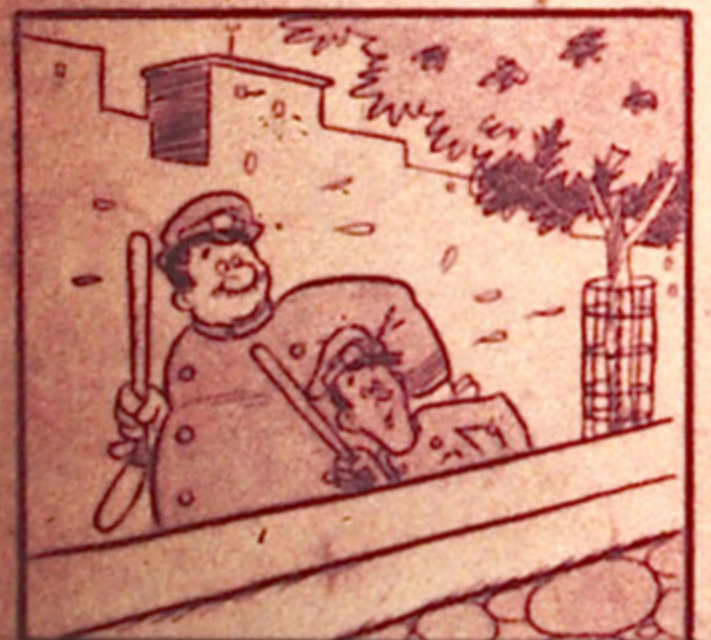
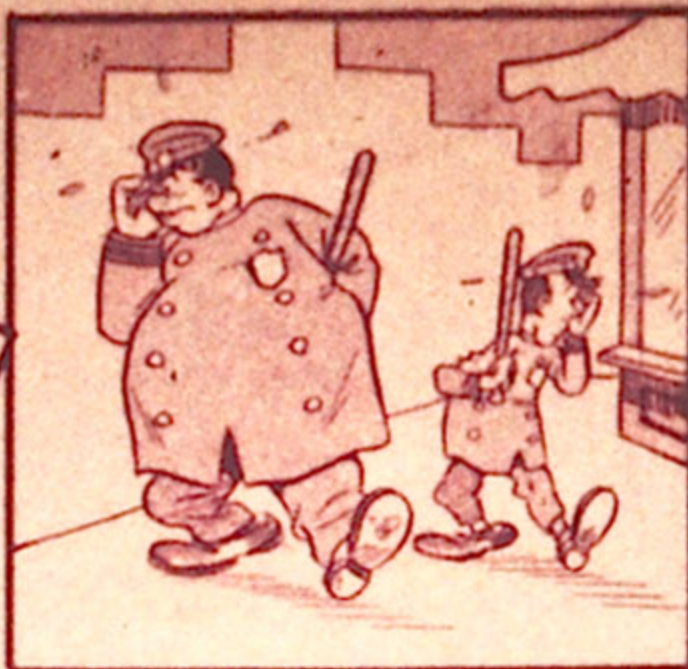
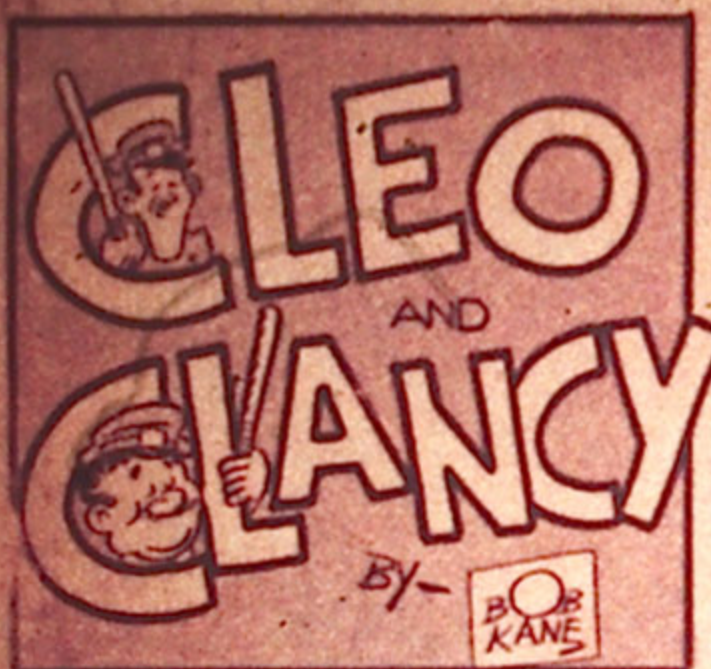
64
PAGES
OF
Thrill-Packed
ACTION

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Detective COMICS

10¢





DETECTIVE COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

Editor

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SPEED SAUNDERS

ACE INVESTIGATOR
AND THE

PERSIAN JEWEL MYSTERY

BY FRED GUARDINEER

SPEED, OFF DUTY, RELAXES
IN A NIGHT CLUB —



SUDDENLY — UNNOTICED BY SPEED, A
STRANGER UNLOADS SOME "HOT" JEWELRY
ON HIS GIRL —



SPEED-LOOK!
THESE
JEWELS!

I'LL SEE THE
MANAGER!



I TELL
YOU
SOME-
BODY
DROPPED
THEM!

SPEED SAUNDERS,
I AM A PERSIAN.
THESE ARE RARE
GEMS OF THE SAS-
SIDIDE DYNASTY!
SOME ONE STOLE
THEM!



HEADQUARTERS
CALLING FOR
YOU, SPEED!

SURE
THING,
O'LEARY!



I'M SORRY CAROL,
I HAVE TO LEAVE.
IT MUST BE
IMPORTANT!



I CAME
AT ONCE.
I—

I DIDN'T LIKE TO
BOTHER YOU BUT THE
PERSIAN CONSUL IS
CHARGED WITH
MURDER. I'M GIV-
ING THE CASE TO
YOU. WE'VE GOT TO
PROVE HE'S IN-
NOCENT. SPEED!

SPEED VISITS THE
SCENE OF THE
CRIME -

TELL ME
HOW IT
HAPPENED!

WE AND NOLAN WERE HAVING A
FAREWELL PARTY WITH PERSIAN
CONSUL SYADE. NOLAN AND THE
CONSUL WENT INTO THE NEXT
ROOM. WE HEARD A SHOT-RUSHED
IN-AND FOUND NOLAN DEAD!

NOW, CONSUL, TELL
ME YOUR VERSION
NOW THAT WE'RE
ALONE - EXCEPT FOR
THE CORPSE!

I CAME IN HERE WITH
NOLAN, BUT I TOOK A
FANTASY SPELL TO
BURN I AM SUBJECT. WHEN
I DISCOVERED NOLAN WAS
DEAD AS THE OTHER'S
ARRIVED. THAT IS THE
TRUTH!

GET DOCTOR HUDSON
OVER HERE AT ONCE
WITH A STOMACH
PUMP!

THE STOMACH PUMP IS
ADMINISTERED TO THE
- CONSUL -

I'M LETTING YOU GET OUT OF HERE AT ONCE. I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHAT I FIND -

ONE MORE THING - I HAVE DISCOVERED THAT SOME RARE JEWELS, ANTIQUE PERSIAN GEMS, THAT ARE BEYOND PRICE - ARE MISSING FROM MY SAFE!



MY JEWELS! WHEREVER?

I'LL TELL YOU LATER. I'M ON A HOT TRAIL!



MAYBE MY CANDID CAMERA WILL PROVE HELPFUL!



WITH THE DEVELOPED PICTURE, SPEED VISITS "ROGUES GALLERY"

ANY INFORMATION AT ALL, LET'S GO THROUGH THE FILES -



THERE - THAT'S THE YOUNG FELLOW - WHO IS HE?



THAT'S LIGHTFINGER HARRY KARR - ONE OF THE BEST SAFECRACKERS AROUND - HE'S GONE STRAIGHT - AS FAR AS I KNOW!



CHECK ONE! A RE-FORMED SAFECRACKER AND A GOOD ONE NOW FOR THE DEAD MAN, NOLAN. WONDER WHO HE IS? I'LL HAVE TO WAKE UP THE DEAN!



SPEED CALLS ON THE DEAN OF THE METROPOLITAN UNIVERSITY, FOLLOWING HIS HUNCH -

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, SIR. BUT A MURDER HAS BEEN COMMITTED. I HAVE A PICTURE OF THE DEAD MAN AND MAYBE YOU KNOW WHO HE IS -



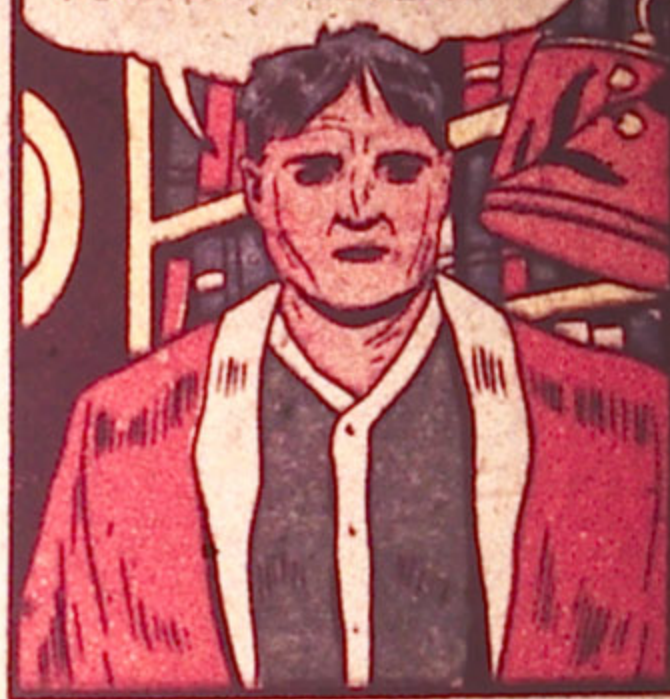
WHY OF COURSE THAT'S NOLAN, AN EMINENT AUTHORITY ON PERSIAN HISTORY AND ART!



DEAN, IF YOU WANTED TO APPRAISE THE VALUE OF ANCIENT PERSIAN JEWELRY, WOULD NOLAN'S WORD ON THEIR VALUE MEAN ANYTHING?



SAUNDERS, THERE ISN'T A BETTER MAN FOR THE JOB IN ALL AMERICA - OR IN ALL PERSIA EITHER, FOR THAT MATTER!

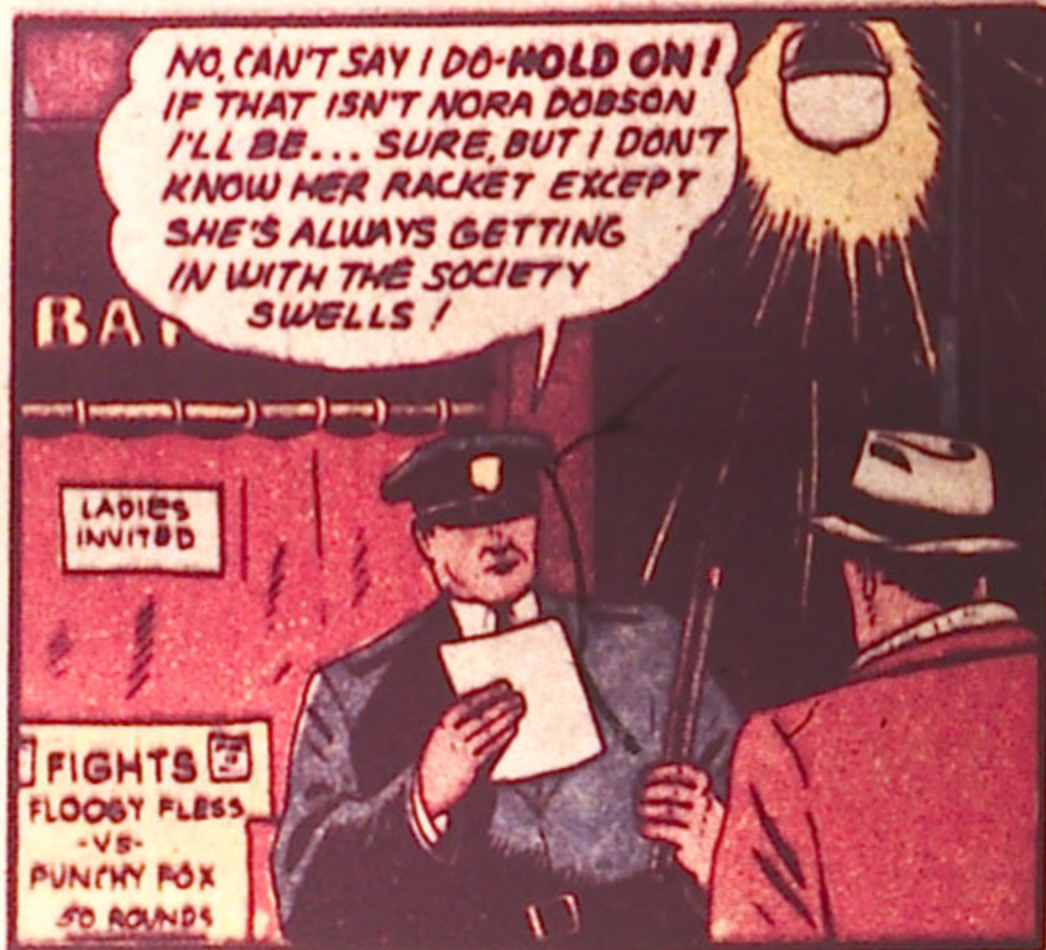


WITH TWO OF THE UNKNOWN'S POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED, SPEED GOES AFTER A THIRD.

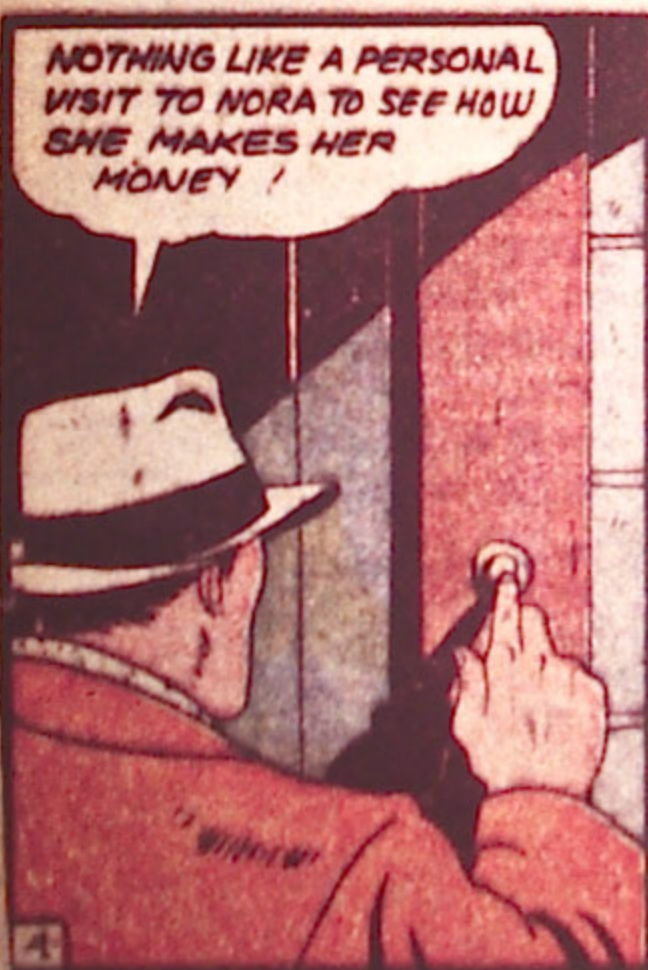
NICE PICTURE, EH, CLANCY? KNOW THE BLONDE?



NO, CAN'T SAY I DO - HOLD ON! IF THAT ISN'T NORA DOBSON I'LL BE... SURE, BUT I DON'T KNOW HER RACKET EXCEPT SHE'S ALWAYS GETTING IN WITH THE SOCIETY SWELLS!



NOTHING LIKE A PERSONAL VISIT TO NORA TO SEE HOW SHE MAKES HER MONEY!



WELL IT IS A SURPRISE TO SEE YOU HERE - COME IN AND SEARCH IF YOU WANT TO!

WHO SAID I WANTED TO SEARCH?

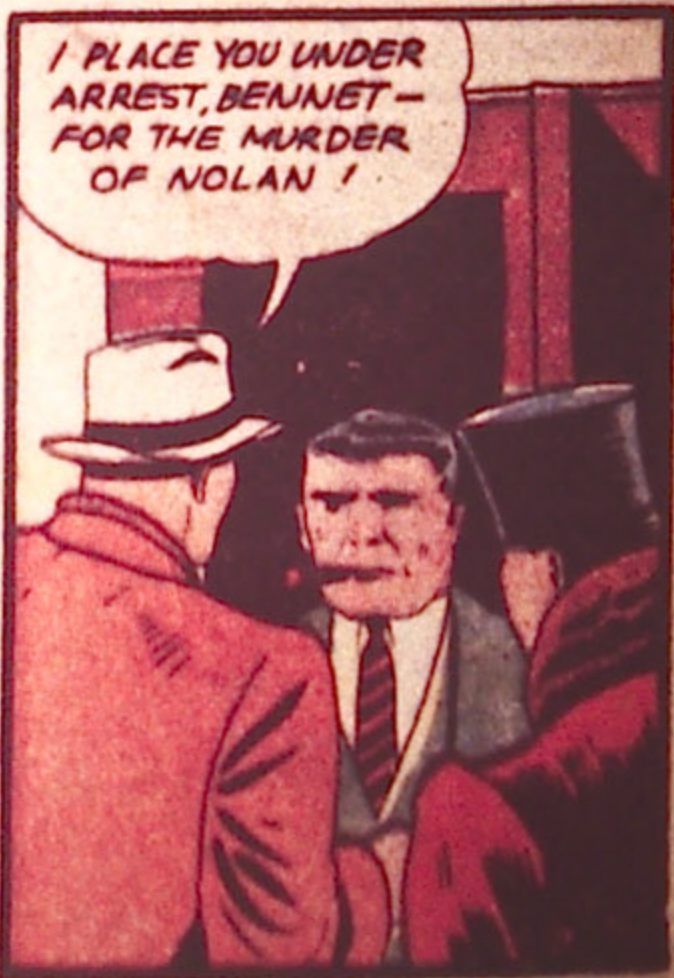
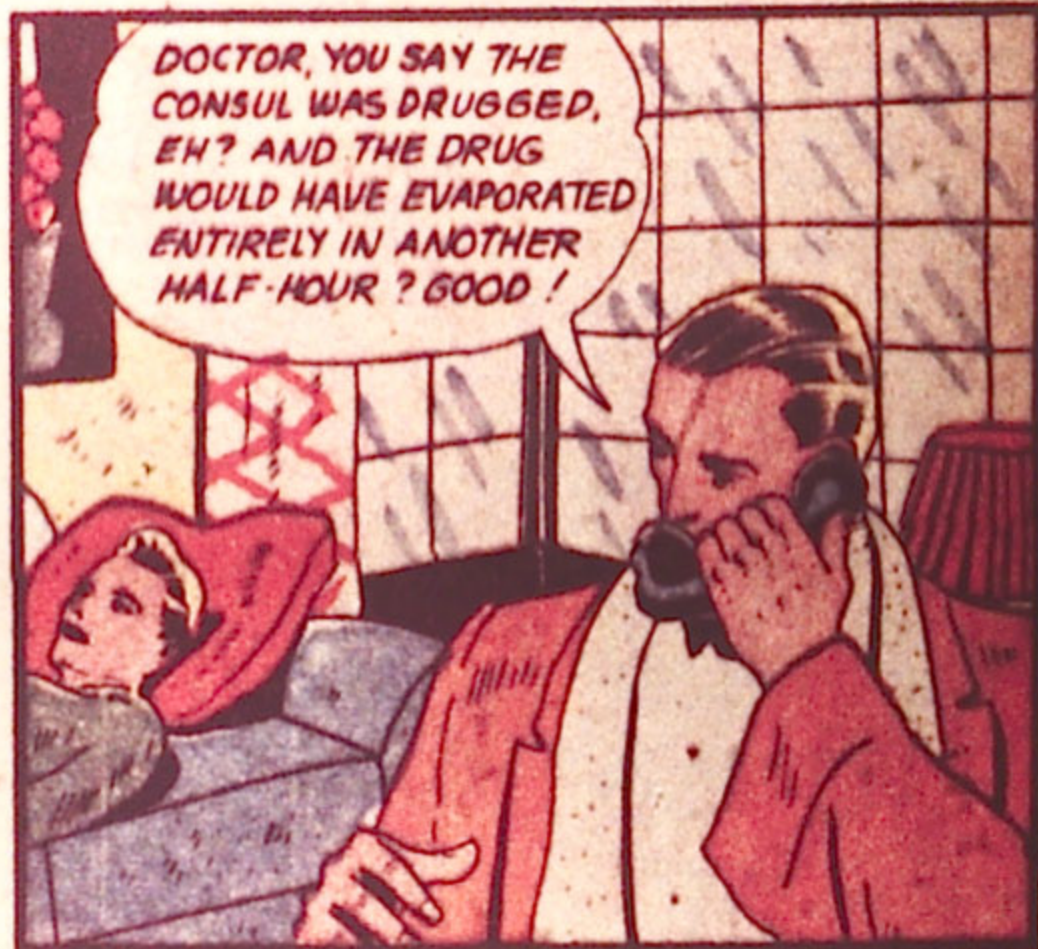
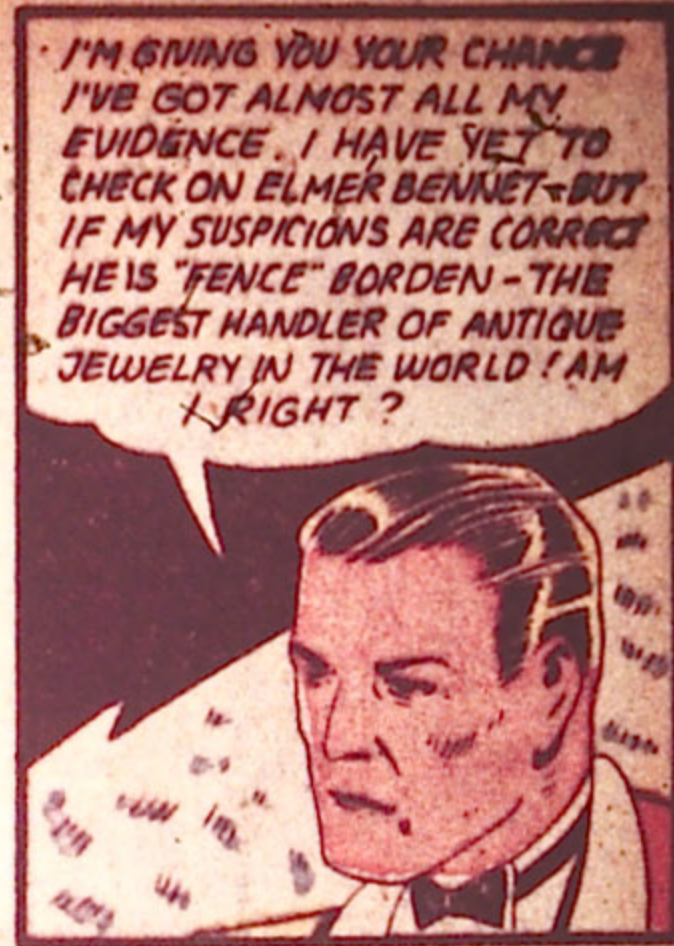
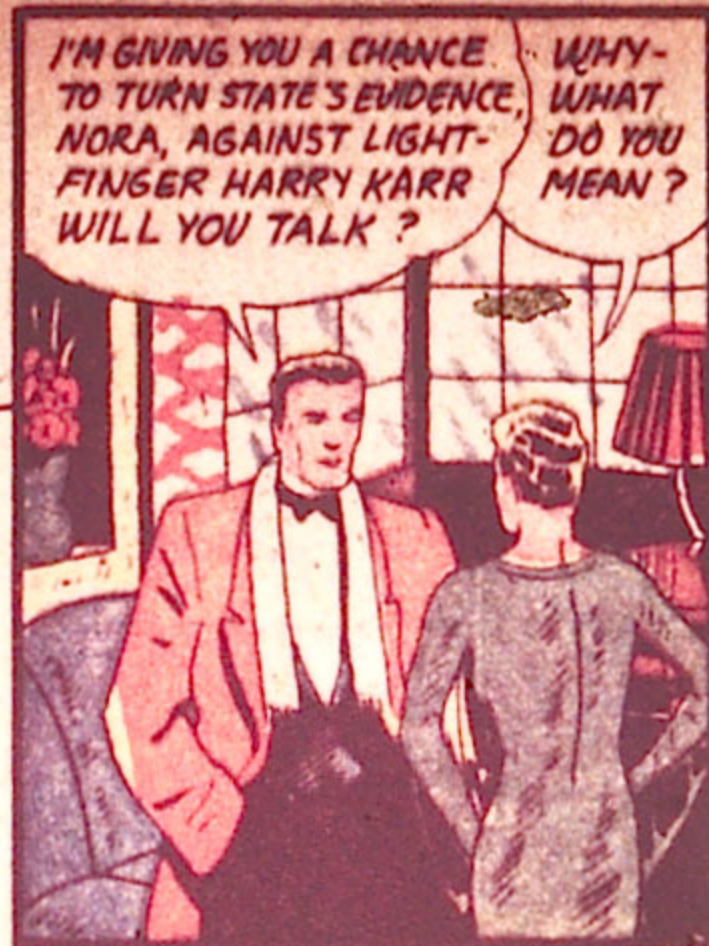


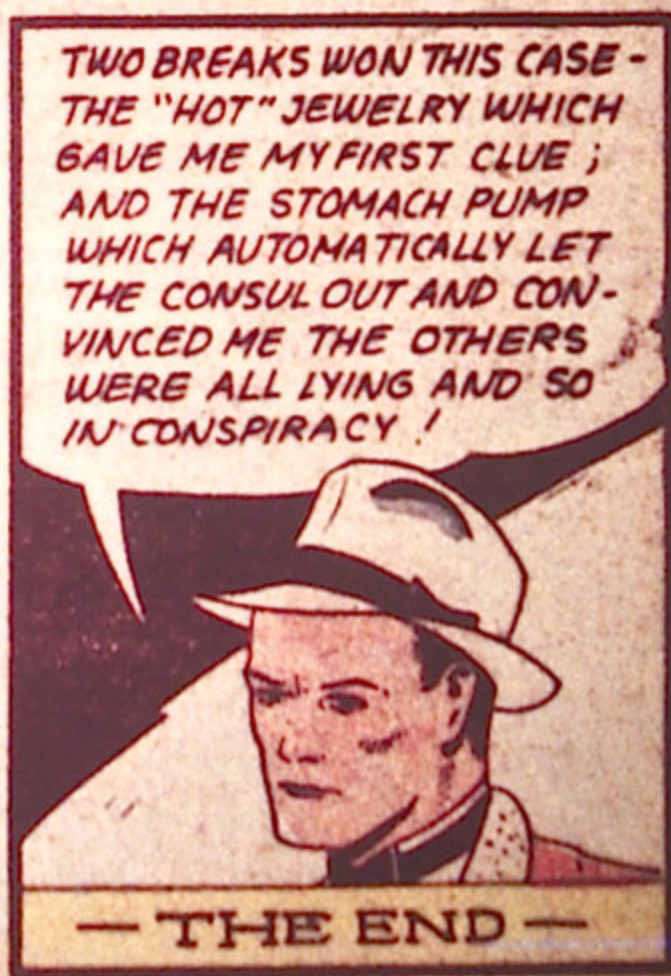
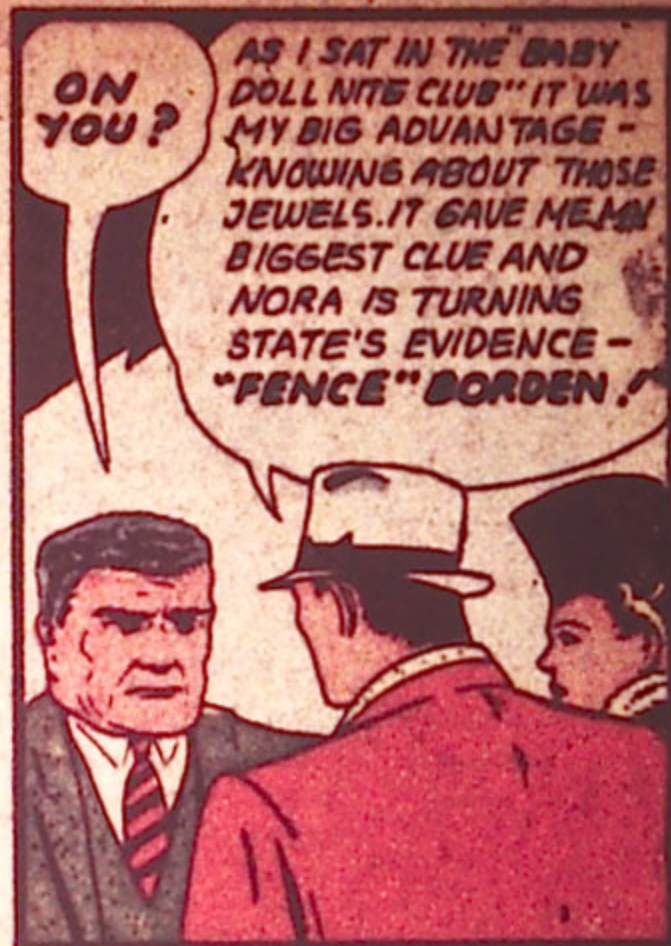
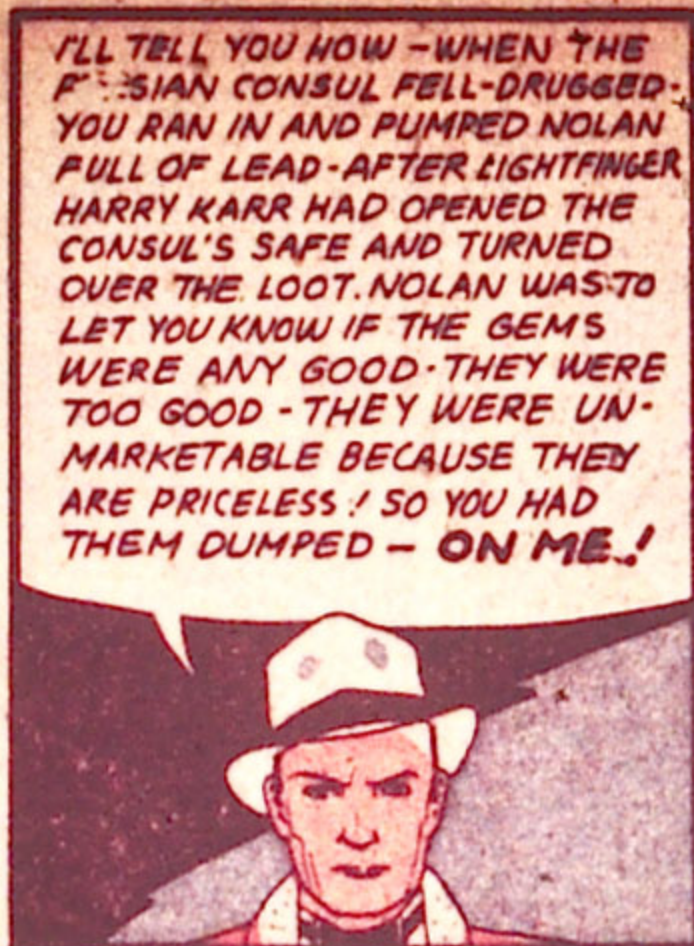
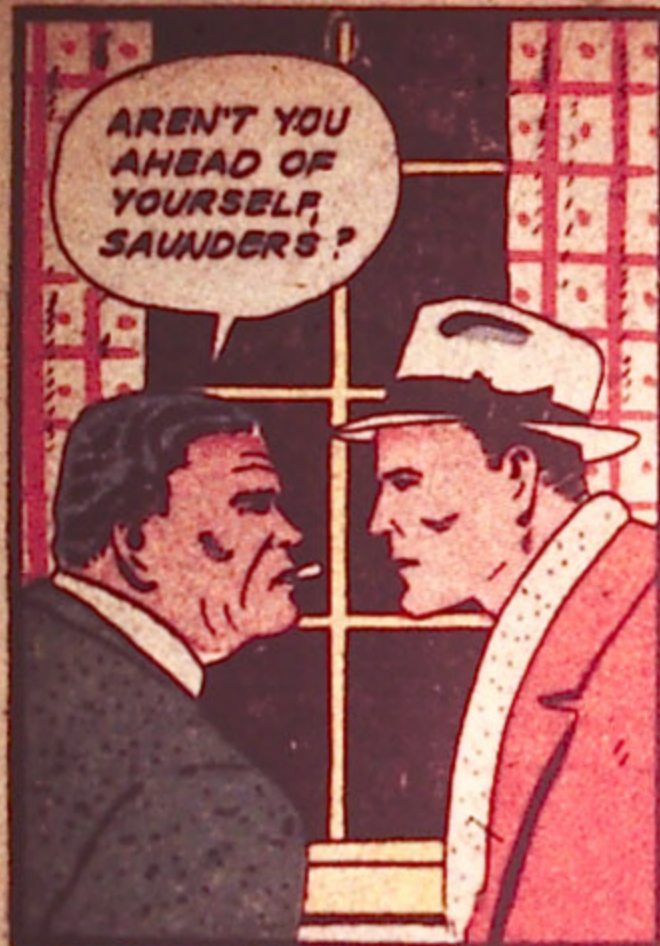
NORA IS SUSPICIOUS

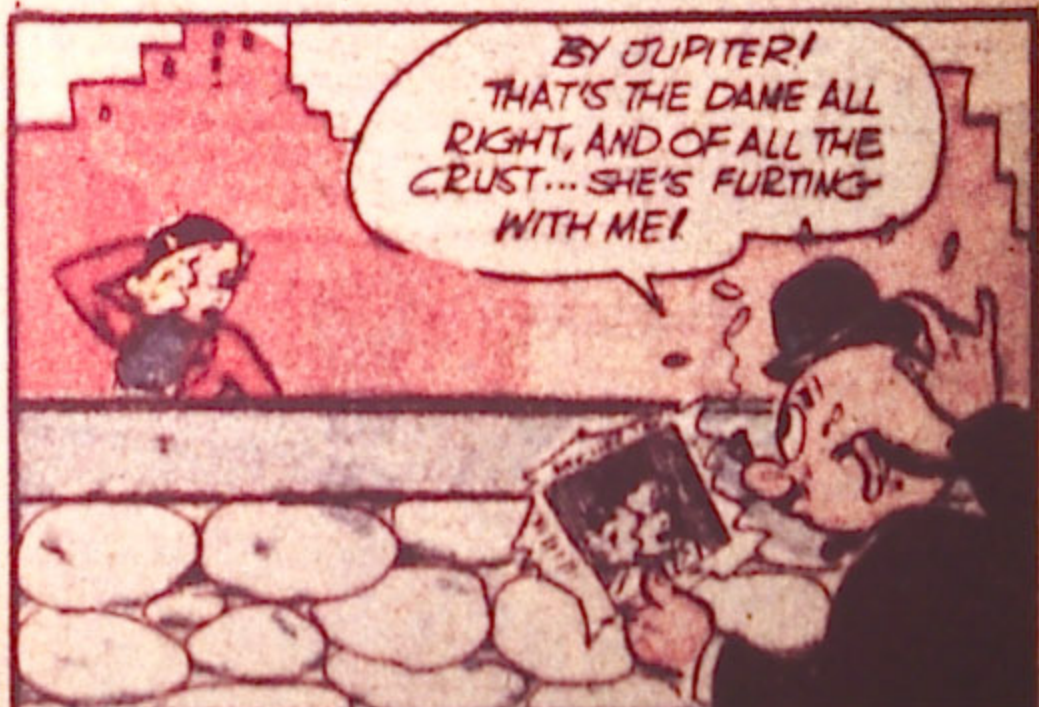
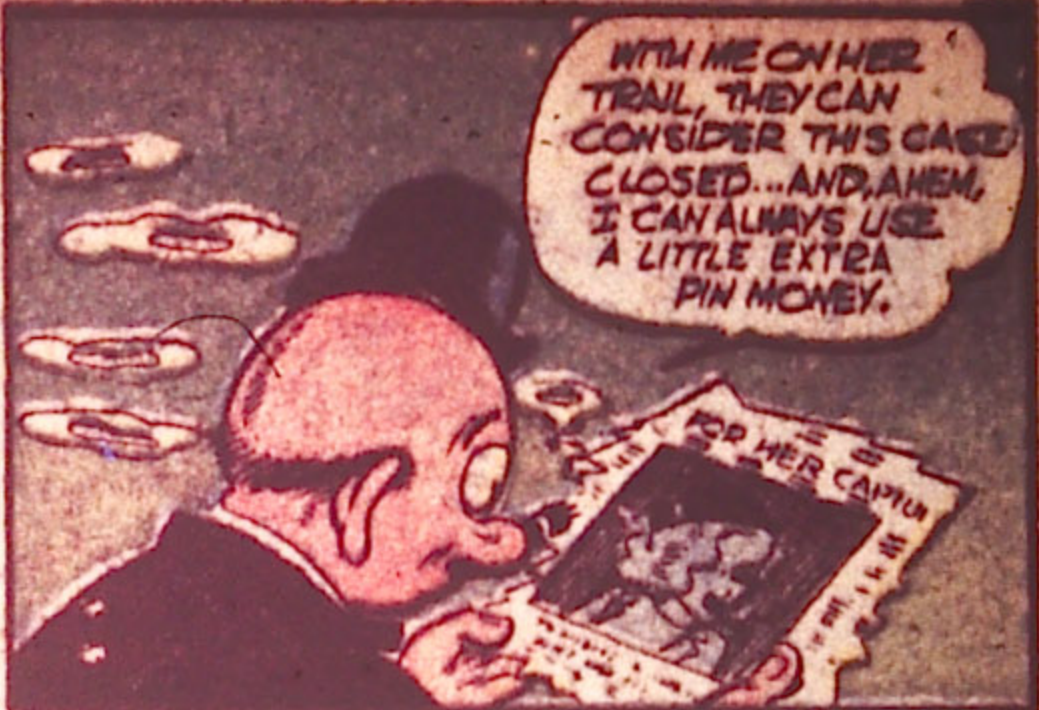
YOU MUST WANT SOMETHING WHAT IS IT?

WHAT'S YOUR RACKET NORA? HOW DO YOU GET THE MONEY TO KEEP UP THIS APARTMENT









LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by Will Ely

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS ONE, LARRY?

THAT WAS DONE BY THE FRENCH PRINTER, MAURICE DU VAL --- I ADMIRE HIS WORK A GREAT DEAL -- IT'S WEIRD, BUT STRANGELY ALIVE --

VERY MUCH SO, BUT SO WEIRD IT SEEMS POSITIVELY EVIL.

THIS IS ANOTHER OF THE FAMOUS BEAUMONT SISTERS - THERE ARE THREE OF THEM - ALL BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, AND THEY ARE THE ONLY MODELS HE EVER USES --

THIS DU VAL HAS A RATHER SORDID REPUTATION, HASN'T HE?

HE'S VERY ERRATIC, AND A SLAVE TO DRINK - GETS HUGE SUMS FOR HIS PICTURES AND CAN'T SAVE A CENT - LIVES IN A DUMP DOWN IN THE VILLAGE --

LARRY! WILL YOU LOOK AT THESE HEADLINES!! "MAXINE BEAUMONT FOUND DEAD IN DU VAL'S STUDIO!" HE'S MISSING!

LET ME HAVE A LOOK! THIS SOUNDS BAD!!

DAD, I'M GOING DOWN TO DU VAL'S STUDIO - THIS CASE INTERESTS ME ---

ALL RIGHT, SON, AND GOOD LUCK --

STEELE I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU - PERHAPS YOU COULD LEND YOUR SERVICES TO THIS CASE --

YOU KNOW I'D BE GLAD TO, CHIEF - TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW -

COME AND HAVE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF - THE MEDICAL EXAMINER AND THE CORONER CAN TELL US NOTHING EXCEPT THAT THEY BOTH SUSPECT POISONING BUT CAN'T PROVE IT - THEY'VE MADE LABORATORY TESTS AND CAN FIND NO TRACES IN HER SYSTEM --

I SUPPOSE YOUR MEN HAVE SEARCHED FOR CLUES AND TAKEN PHOTOGRAPHS --

YES, WE'VE DONE ALL THE USUAL THINGS BUT HAVE GAINED NO RESULTS -

HMM - THAT BACKGROUND OVER THERE ON THE MODEL STAND -- IT LOOKS VERY FAMILIAR - CHIEF, I'D LIKE TO SEE THE BODY -

AFTER A FAST TRIP LARRY AND THE CHIEF ARE ADMITTED INTO THE APARTMENT SHARED BY THE TWO REMAINING SISTERS -

GOOD LANDS, CHIEF! THIS IS FANTASTIC!

YES, LARRY - I FAILED TO MENTION THE ODD HUE HER SKIN TURNED WITH DEATH --

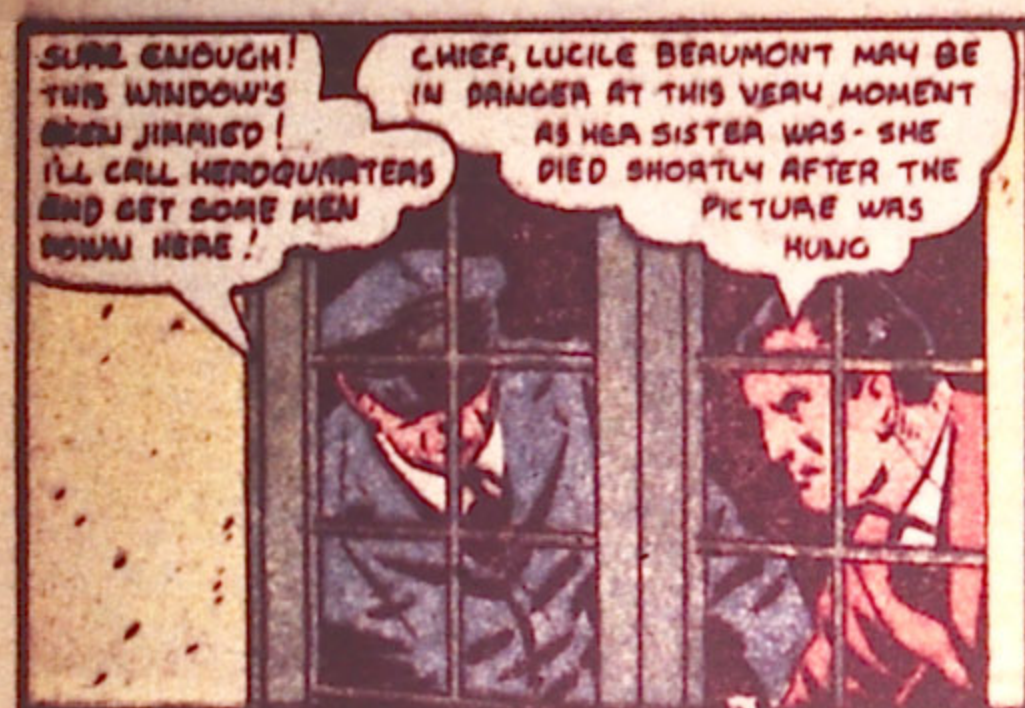
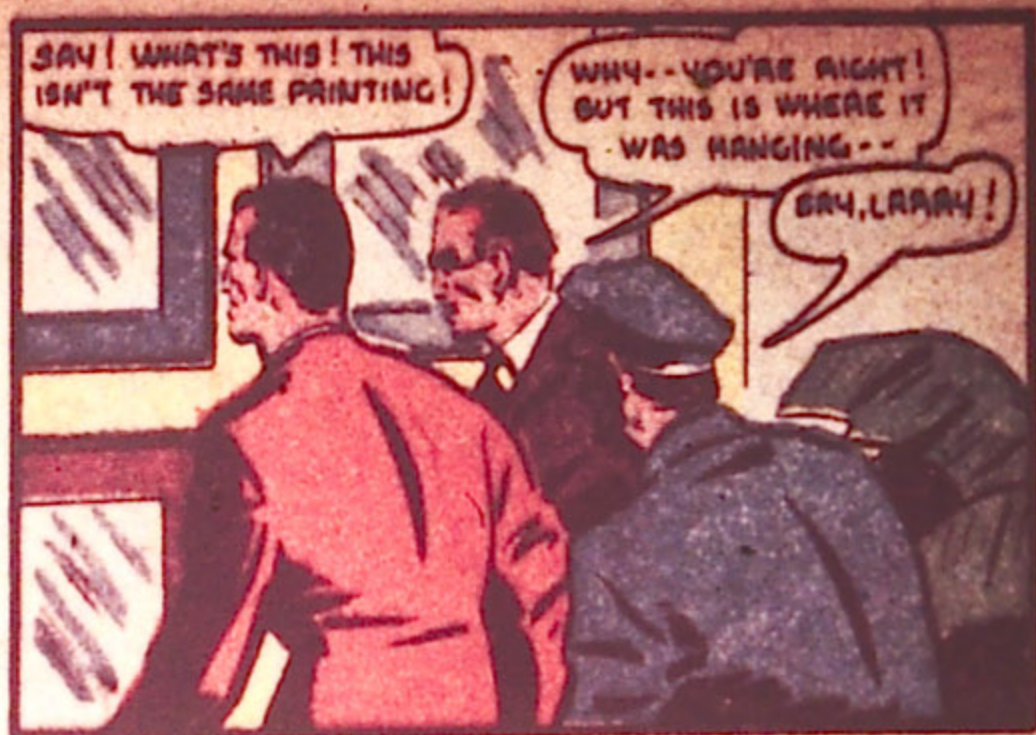
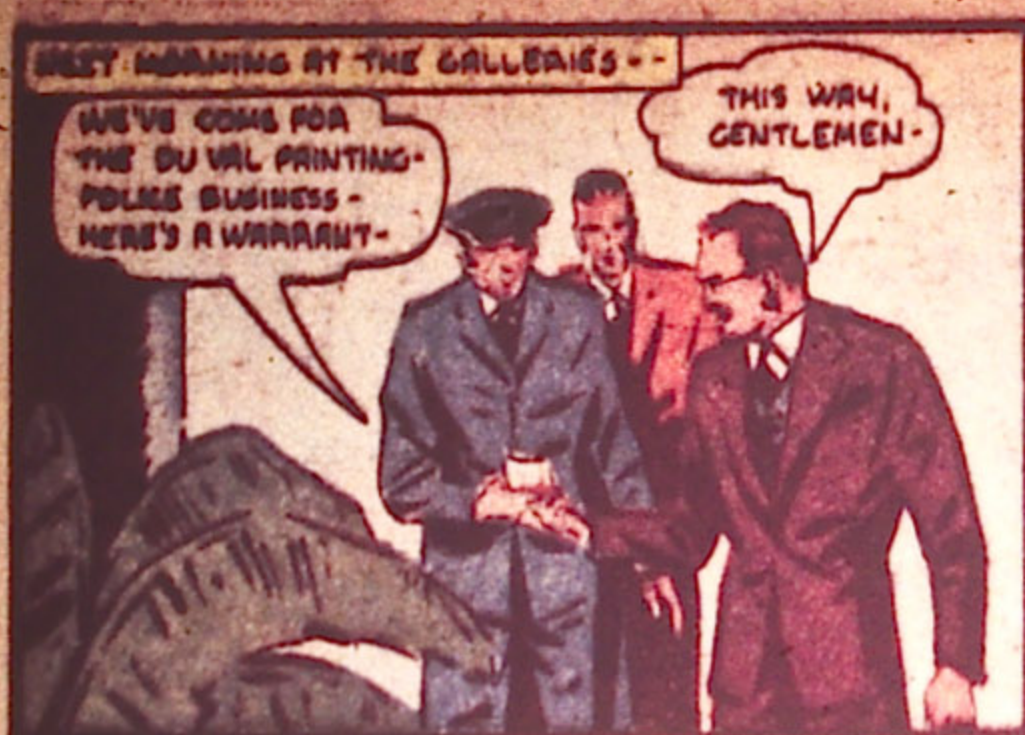
WEIRDLY BEAUTIFUL, EVEN IN DEATH - BUT INHUMAN - THAT COLORING - CHIEF, IT'S IDENTICAL TO HIS PAINTING OF THIS GIRL IN THE GRAMERCY PARK GALLERIES !!

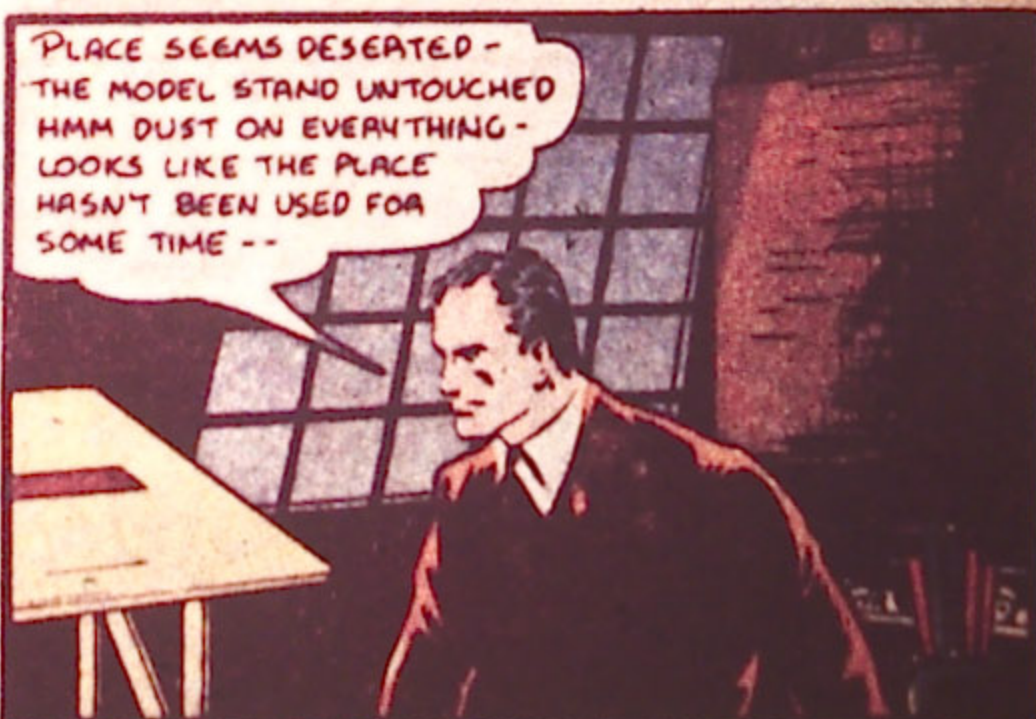
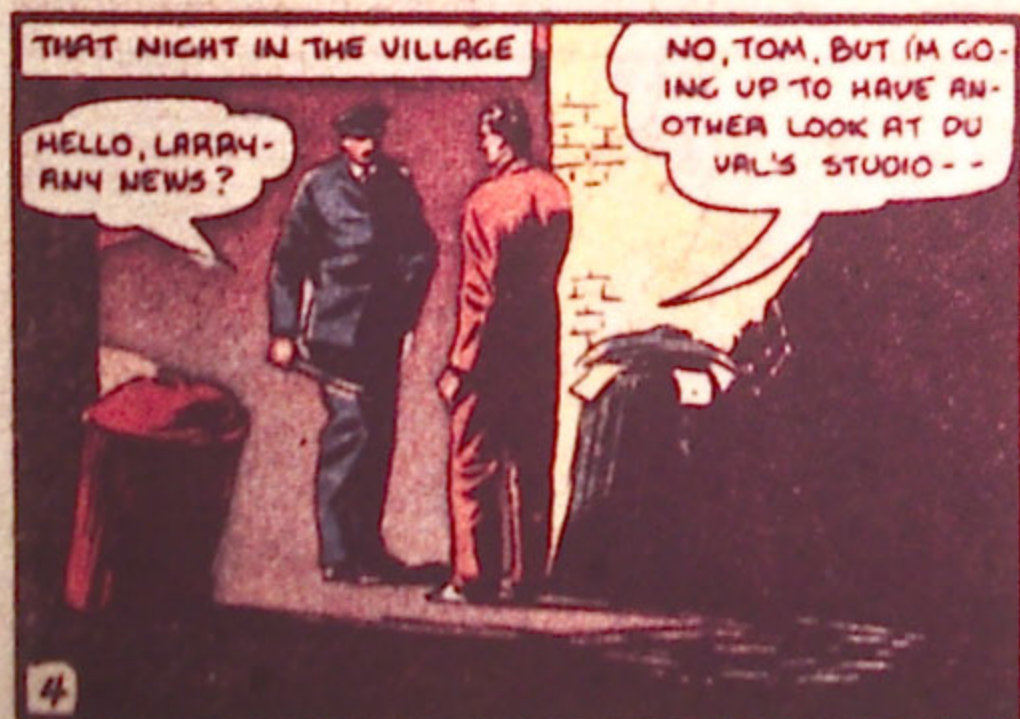
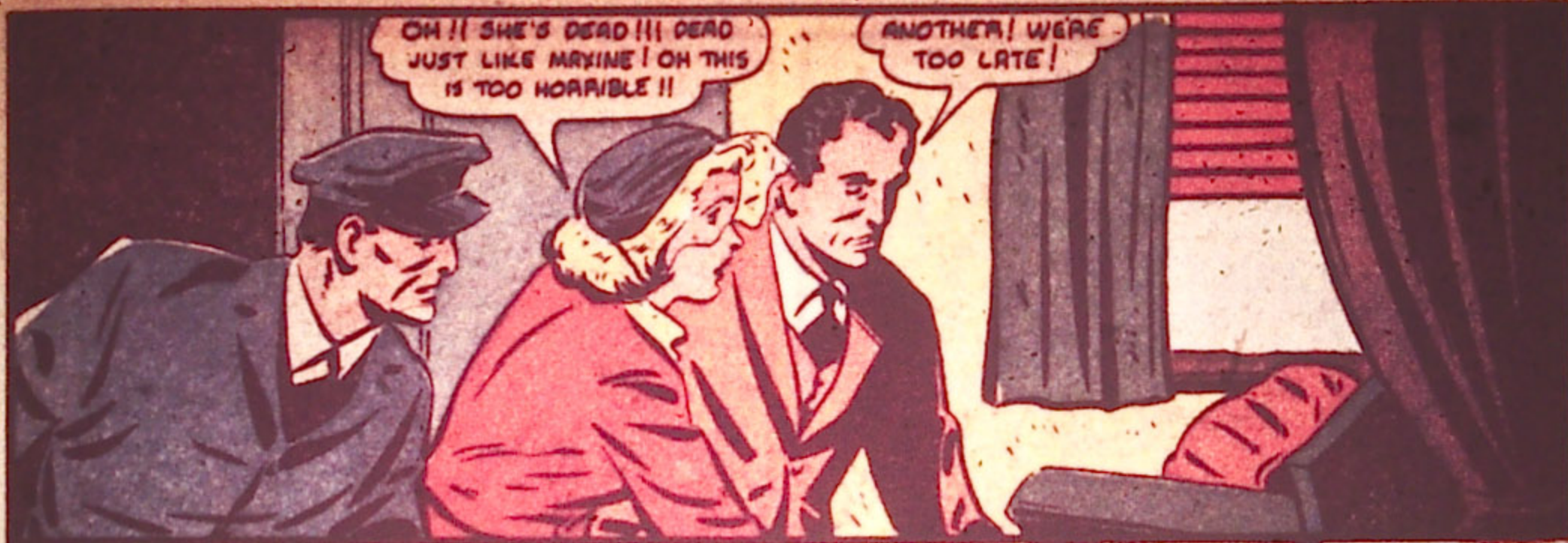
THERE MAY BE A CONNECTION - WE'LL CONFISCATE THAT PAINTING IN THE MORNING -

THAT SAME NIGHT, RATHER LATE -- AT THE GRAMERCY PARK GALLERIES -

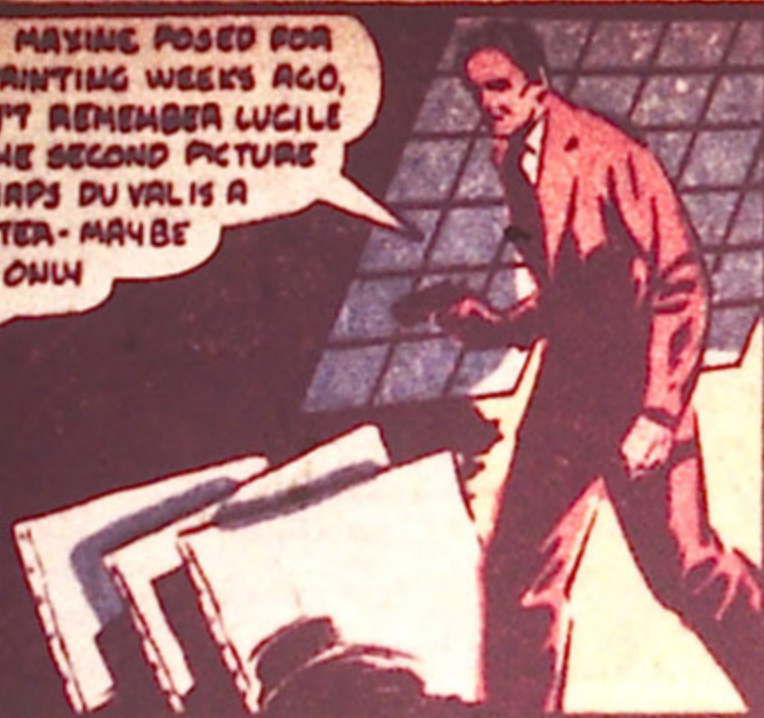
THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE GOES TO THE PAINTING OF THE DEAD GIRL AND REMOVES IT FROM ITS HANGING - - - -

-- HE THEN REPLACES IT WITH ANOTHER PAINTING AND MAKES A SILENT EXIT - - - -





YVONNE SAID MAYING POSED FOR THAT FIRST PAINTING WEEKS AGO, AND SHE DIDN'T REMEMBER LUCILE POISING FOR THE SECOND PICTURE AT ALL - PERHAPS DU VAL IS A MEMORAN PRINTER - MAYBE THIS ISN'T HIS OWN STUDIO - - -



HMM, A SMUDGE OF PAINT ON THE WOODWORK - O'D - HIS EASEL IS OVER THERE



THIS PANEL SEEMS LOOSE - - - OH-HO! A SECRET DOOR - WHA - I'LL SEE WHERE THIS GOES



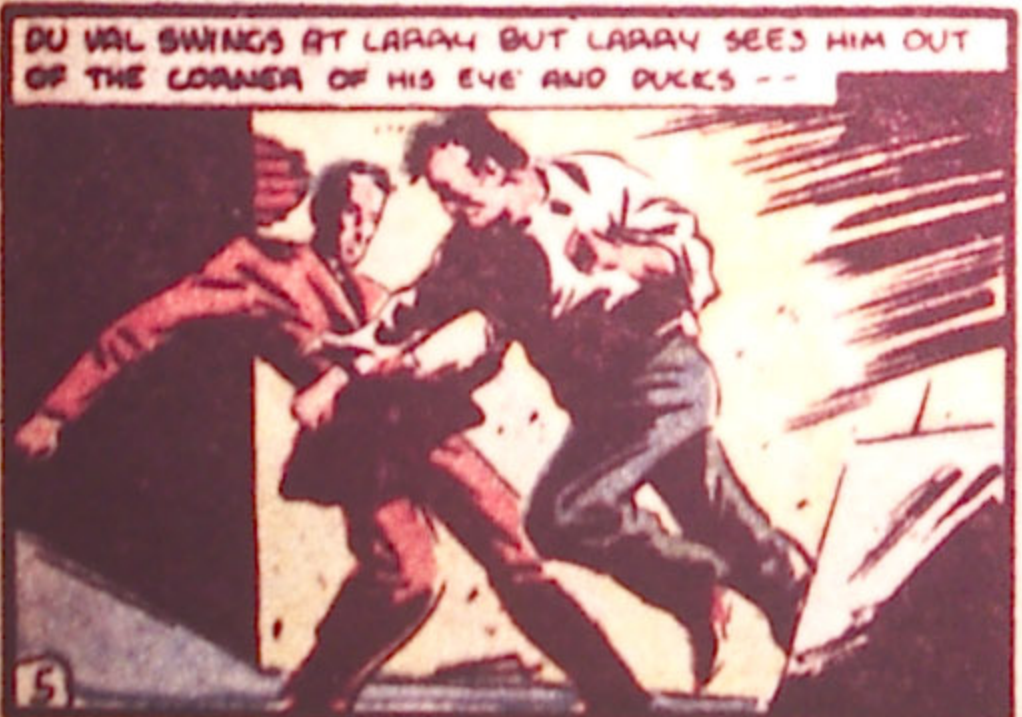
THIS LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN USED FREQUENTLY



SO - A SECRET STUDIO - THIS IS PROBABLY WHERE DU VAL IS HIDING OUT

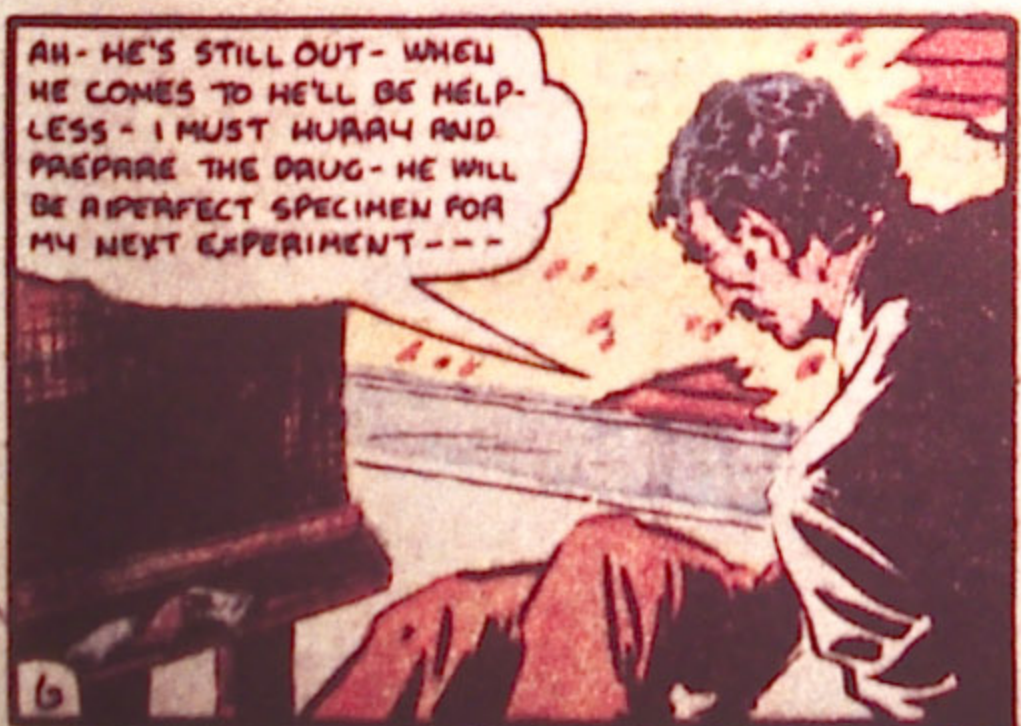
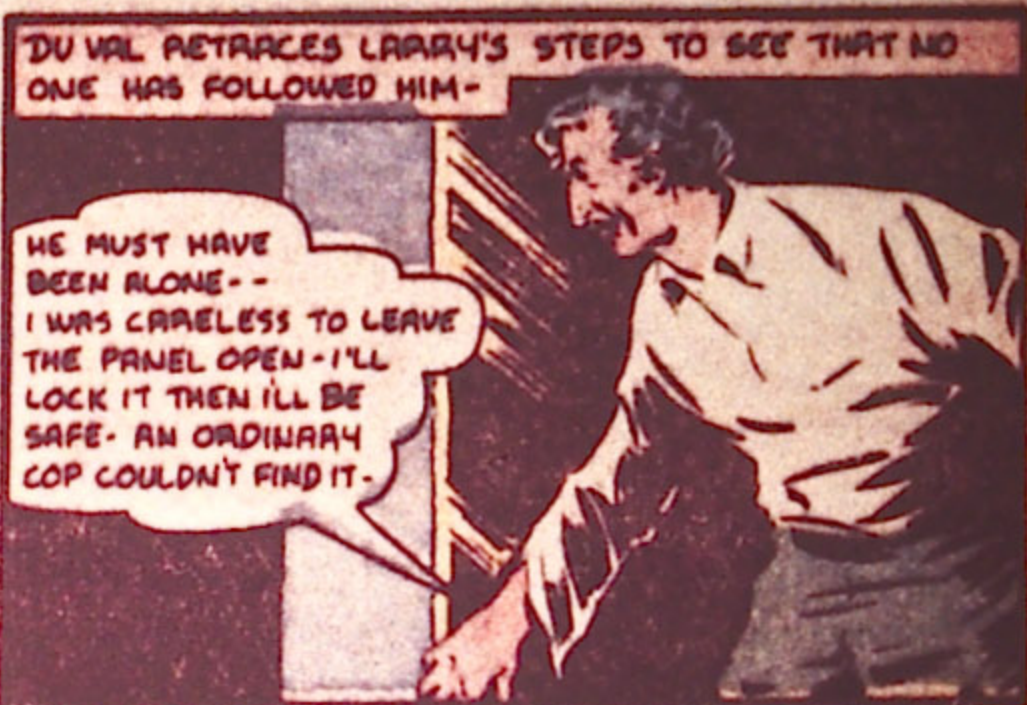


DU VAL SWINGS AT LARAY BUT LARAY SEES HIM OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE AND DUCKS - -



THEY GO INTO A CLINCH AND TUMBLE TO THE FLOOR OVERTURNING A TABLE - - -





TO BE CONTINUED



COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

♦ ♦ ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN ♦ ♦

THE NIGHT SHIFT BEGINS WORK AT THE
ACE FOUNDRY.



WORKMEN START HUGE MACHINES, TURN-
ING OUT ARMOR PLATE, CANNONS AND
OTHER NAVY EQUIPMENT.



THEN, A TERRIFIC CLATTER AS ONE OF
THE BIG LATHES CRACKS UP, SHATTER-
ING FRAGMENTS ALL OVER THE SHOP.



BILL! BILL! ARE YOU --
GOOD GOD - HE'S DEAD.

HELP ME, AL -
I THINK MY
LEG'S BROKEN



O'DAY THE SHOP SUPERINTENDENT IS
HURRIEDLY SUMMONED.



THAT'S THE THIRD MAN
THIS WEEK HAS BEEN
KILLED, BOSS - THIS
PLACE IS
JINXED --

HM! LEAVE
EVERYTHING AS
IS TILL I SEE THE
GENERAL MAN-
AGER -





WHILE OUT IN THE BIG SHED THE GREAT CRANE IS CONVEYING A HUGE VAT OF MOLTEN ORE TO THE MOLDS.



MIDWAY OVER THE SHOP, WITH A DEAFENING SCREECH THE CRANE CRASHES TO THE GROUND -



WITH BLOODCURDLING SHRIEKS OF MEN SCORCHED ALIVE IN THE BOILING METAL



COSMO AND THE OTHER MEN DASH OVER TO THE SCENE OF THE CRASH.

GOOD GOD! THIS IS TERRIBLE. THE BIG CRANE'S GONE DOWN -

AND A LOT OF MEN HURT TOO

WHA - WHAT CAN WE DO, COSMO?
THIS CAN'T GO ON.

WE'RE NOT CERTAIN THIS IS SABOTAGE. WE'LL HAVE TO BE VERY WATCHFUL.

SUPPOSE I GO TO WORK HERE AS-SAY, AN OILER. THAT WAY I CAN GET AROUND THE PLACE WITHOUT GREAT SUSPICION.

GOOD IDEA - I HOPE YOU DON'T RUN IN-TO HARM THO -

DRESSED AS A WORKMAN COSMO SETS ABOUT HIS INVESTIGATION.

LUNCH TIME -

SAY LOOK AT THE CROWD OVER THERE - I WONDER WHAT'S UP?

LET'S DRIFT OVER AND SEE.

ONE OF THE MEN IS HARANGUING HIS FELLOW WORKERS--

MEN, HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO STAND FOR THIS GREEDINESS OF THE OWNERS AND SEE MAN AFTER MAN KILLED BY MACHINES THAT SHOULD BE REPLACED BY NEW AND SAFER ONES?

THEY GROW FAT ON PROFITS YOU EARN WHILE YOUR WIVES BECOME WIDOWS--

YA, DAT'S RIGHT

COME ON FELLOWS, LET'S GO TO THE BOSSES ABOUT IT.

SHURE, AN' YER ROIGHT, ME LAD

LET'S GO AN KICK ABOUT IT



- IF WE DON'T GET BETTER TREATMENT WE'LL GO OUT ON STRIKE.

JUST WHAT IS IT YOU WANT US TO DO?



WE DEMAND NEW MACHINERY TO REPLACE OBSOLETE ONES THAT ARE UNSAFE.

BUT THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH THESE MACHINES. THEY'RE PRACTICALLY NEW AND STANDARD. WE DO ALL WE CAN FOR OUR EMPLOYEES.



YOU DO? THEN WHY ARE WE BEING KILLED ON OUR JOB EVERY COUPLE OF DAYS?



VERY WELL RADSKY, MAKE OUT A LIST OF THE PARTICULAR EQUIPMENT UNDER QUESTION AND I SHALL TAKE IT UP WITH THE MANAGEMENT.



LATER - BACK IN THE FOUNDRY.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR LATHE, FRANK, DOES IT GO ON THE LIST?

NO, IT'S O.K.



O.K.?- DIDN'T YOU HAVE TROUBLE WITH IT THIS EVENING?

NAW' A BOLT HAD ONLY LOOSENED A BIT BUT IT'S ALRIGHT NOW.



HOW ABOUT YOU, BILL? NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO KICK.

I COULD USE A NEW BELT, THO THIS ONE ISN'T TOO BAD YET. THE MACHINE'S ALRIGHT



THE LIST IS COMPLETED AND THE MEN TAKE IT BACK TO THE SUPERINTENDENT.

WHY MAN, THIS IS RIDICULOUS THAT THESE MANY MACHINES BE SCRAPPED. THE COMPANY WOULD HAVE TO CLOSE SHOP.

SO, YOU REFUSE THEN?

SO WE'RE RIDICULOUS
TO PROTECT OUR LIVES, EH?
IF YOU DON'T MEET OUR DE-
MANDS BY MORNING WE'LL
GO OUT ON STRIKE -

RADSKY, WE
NEED MORE
TIME THAN
THAT TO
SETTLE THE
MATTER.

AS THE MEN GO BACK TO THEIR PLACES
COSMO KEEPS ON THE ALERT.

WHO IS THIS
RADSKY ANY-
HOW, O'DAY?

OH, HE'S A SELF-
ELECTED BLOWHARD
ALWAYS NOISING A-
ROUND - BEEN WITH
US NEARLY A YEAR
- ONE OF OUR BEST
MECHAN-
ICS TOO

LATER, IN THE SHOP.

HM WHAT'S THOSE
TWO FELLOWS SKULK-
ING AWAY ABOUT?
I'LL FOLLOW
THEM

GUARDEDLY THE TWO MEN EXCHANGE
WORDS.

HA' RADSKY EH?
THERE'S SOME-
THING FUNNY A-
FOOT HERE.

STEALING CLOSER COSMO OVERHEARS
PART OF THE CONVERSATION.

- GOOD - YOU CRIMPED THE FORGE-HAM-
MERS? - BEAT IT OVER TO 69 BLEEK-
ER STREET, WE'LL WAIT FOR
YOU THERE.

NM-M - SO THAT'S
HOW IT IS

QUICKLY COSMO RUNS BACK TO O'DAY.

DON'T RUN THE DROP
HAMMERS, O'DAY,
THEY'VE BEEN TAMP-
ERED WITH - CALL THE
POLICE SQUAD TO
69 BLEEKER
STREET -
I'LL SEE
YOU
LATER -

COSMO TRAILS THE SABOTEUR TO A SHAB-
BY BUILDING IN THE TENEMENTS.

NOISLESSLY HE FOLLOWS THE MAN UP
SEVERAL FLIGHTS OF STAIRS.

THE MAN GIVES A PASSWORD AND IS ADMITTED TO A ROOM WHERE ARE SEVERAL OTHER MEN.



FINE! THAT'S FIVE FACTORIES OUT OF COMMISSION - THAT'LL SOON ENABLE OUR COUNTRY TO GET THE JUMP ON THIS GOVERNMENT, EH, COMRADES?

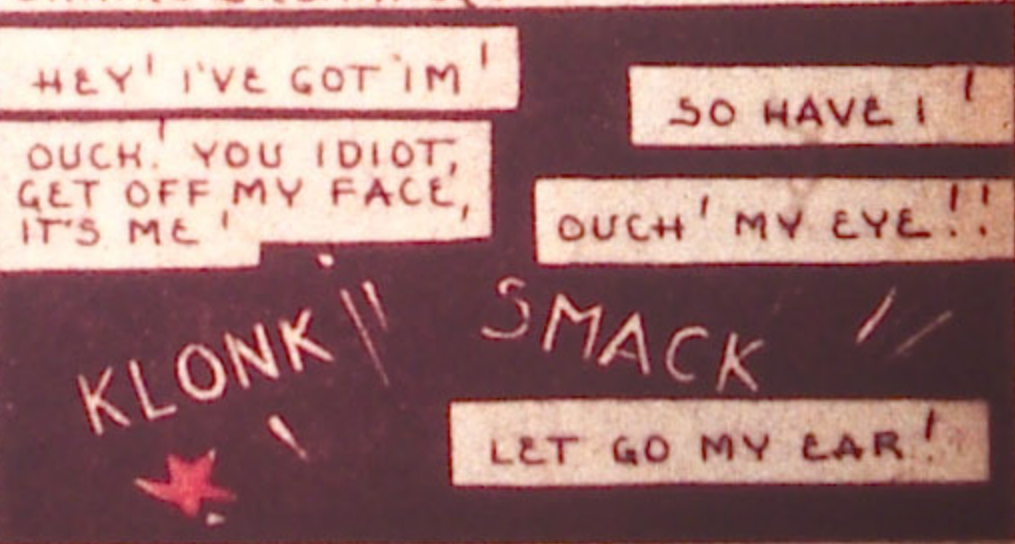
ALRIGHT YOU SNOOP, UP WITH EM! -- LET ME IN! I'M RADSKY, I'VE CAUGHT A SPY OUT HERE --



EVERYTHING'S SET TO WRECK THE ACE FOUNDRY -- TRUSS THIS GUY UP, WE'LL FINISH HIM OFF OUTSIDE



WITH A LIGHTNING MOVE COSMO SMASHES THE LIGHT -- GENERAL CONFUSION FOLLOWS WITH FISTS FLYING AND CHAIRS BREAKING.



COSMO SWINGS RIGHT AND LEFT, ANYONE A FAIR TARGET.



OUT THEY RUN -- AND INTO THE ARMS OF THE POLICE --



SPY

JERRY SIEGEL

JOE SHUSTER

ONE INSTANT THE FREIGHTER, GALE, IS PROCEEDING CASUALLY PAST SPAIN'S WAR-ZONE-- SOLID--SAFE--A SUBMARINE PERISCOPE PIERCES THE WATER NEARBY--FORWARD TOWARD THE DOOMED VESSEL IS LAUNCHED A TORPEDO-- AND NEXT MOMENT THE VESSEL EXPLODES AND COMMENCES TO SINK!

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Exclusive Wire News

FREIGHTER SUNK BY SUB!

AMERICANS INDIGNANT

LATEST PHOTO OF DESTROYED VESSEL

U.S. SPY HEADQUARTERS---

YOU KNOW OF THE SINKING OF THE GALE? WELL, I'VE JUST BEEN INFORMED BY ONE OF THE WAR'S COMBATANTS, THAT THEIR SUB SANK THE VESSEL BECAUSE IT WAS DELIVERING MUNITIONS TO THE OTHER SIDE.

BUT FOR AN AMERICAN VESSEL TO SELL MUNITIONS TO A WARRING POWER IS ILLEGAL!

THAT, PRECIOUS, IS WHY WE'VE BEEN CALLED INTO THE CASE!

EXACTLY! THE SELLING OF MUNITIONS TO A NATION AT WAR IS CONTRARY TO OUR NEUTRALITY ACT. IF THIS LAW WAS BROKEN ONCE, IT MAY BE BROKEN AGAIN. I WANT BOTH OF YOU TO INVESTIGATE AT ONCE!

I'LL BE GLAD TO DO SO!

DITTO!

JUST A MINUTE! THIS IS ONE CASE IN WHICH YOU WON'T PARTICIPATE!

HOLD ON!-- WHY SHOULDN'T I?

BECAUSE IN ORDER TO CRACK THIS CASE, IT WILL BE NECESSARY FOR ME TO DISGUISE MYSELF AND OBTAIN EMPLOYMENT AS A SAILOR ON THE NEXT SHIP TO SPAIN OWNED BY THE SAME COMPANY THAT LOST THE GALE. OBVIOUSLY, YOU CAN'T DISGUISE YOURSELF AS A SAILOR, TOO.

LATER THAT EVENING-- ACCOMPANIED BY TWO DISGUISED FELLOW-SPIES, BART WAITS IN THE SHADOWS NEAR THE ANCHORED WHIRLWIND--

HERE COMES THE SKIPPER NOW-- GO INTO YOUR ACT!

LEAVE HIM TO US!

WE'LL MUSS HIM UP!



WATCH WHERE
YER GOIN'!

HEY! WHAT'S
TH'---!

GETTING
TOUGH, EH!



AS PRE-ARRANGED BART COMES TO THE SKIPPER'S
"RESCUE"---

TWO AGAINST ONE,
EH? (-NICE WORK,
BIXBEY!)

KEEP OUTA THIS!
(-GLAD YOU THINK
SO, SIR!)



BART'S ACCOMPLICES FLEE---

I'M MIGHTY THANKFUL
FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE!
WHO ARE YOU?

JUST BOB NICHOLS, AN
UNEMPLOYED SEAMAN--
GLAD TO HAVE BEEN OF
SERVICE



WAIT! I COULD USE A
MAN LIKE YOU ON THE
WHIRLWIND

SAY!-THAT
WOULD BE
SWELL!



BOB, MEET
FIRST MATE
JONES

GLAD TO
MEET YOU!

TEND TO YOUR WORK, AN'
WE'LL GET ALONG FINE!
I'VE A JOB FOR YOU. ---
START SWABBIN' TH'
DECK, PRONTO!



THE WHIRLWIND MOVES OUT TO SEA, ITS JOURNEY
TOWARD WAR-TORN SPAIN BEGUN---



NEXT MORNING

WHAT A BOAT! GOOD
THING IT DOESN'T
CARRY PASSENGERS!

BUT IT DOES! WE HAVE
ONE PASSENGER --- IN
THAT STATEROOM!



I'LL KEEP MY EYES FASTENED
ON THAT STATEROOM DOOR!
ITS MYSTERIOUS OCCUPANT
HASNT EMERGED EVEN ONCE!
HE MAY BE AN IMPORTANT
FACTOR IN THIS CASE!

AN HOUR LATER THE DOOR COMMENCES TO OPEN--
-AND OUT STEPS---

SALLY!

SCRUB ON, MY
GOOD FELLOW!

MORNING, MISS!
ENJOYING THE
TRIP?

TO TELL YOU THE
TRUTH, I WAS CON-
FINED TO MY CABIN
BECAUSE OF SEA-
SICKNESS

(-I WISH
SHE WOULDN'T
FLASH HIM SUCH
A FRIENDLY SMILE-)

HOW ABOUT A LI'L KISS, TO
MAKE THE VOYAGE A LITTLE
MORE INTERESTIN'?

DON'T!

TAKE YOUR
HANDS OFF
HER!

I'LL SMASH
YOUR SKULL!
I'LL--

TRY IT!

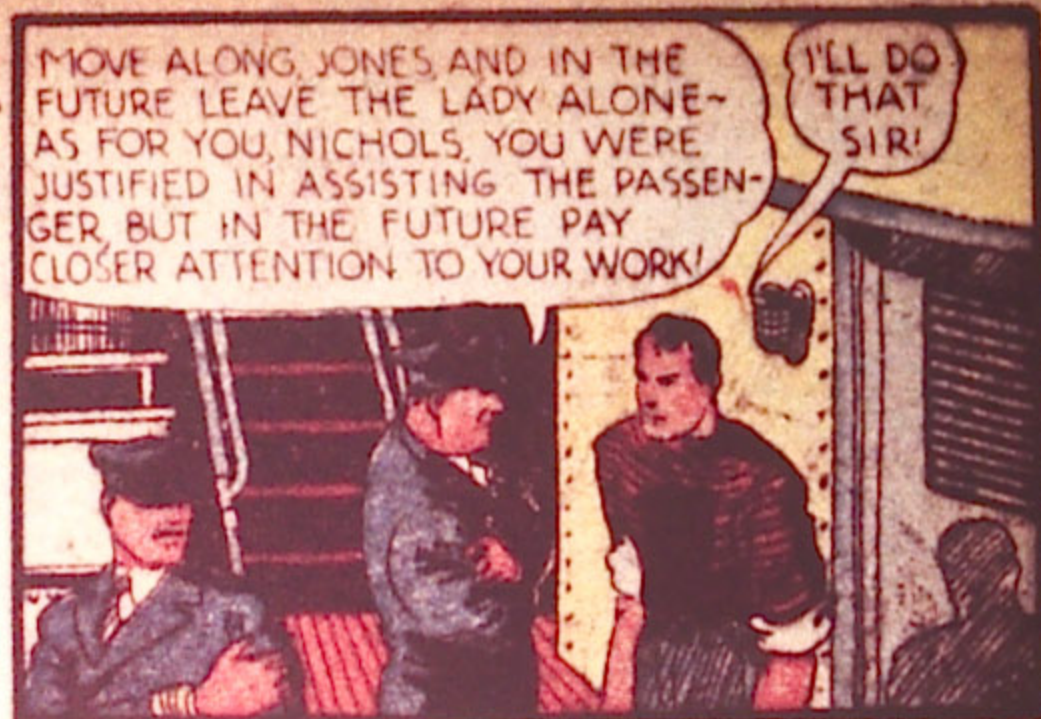
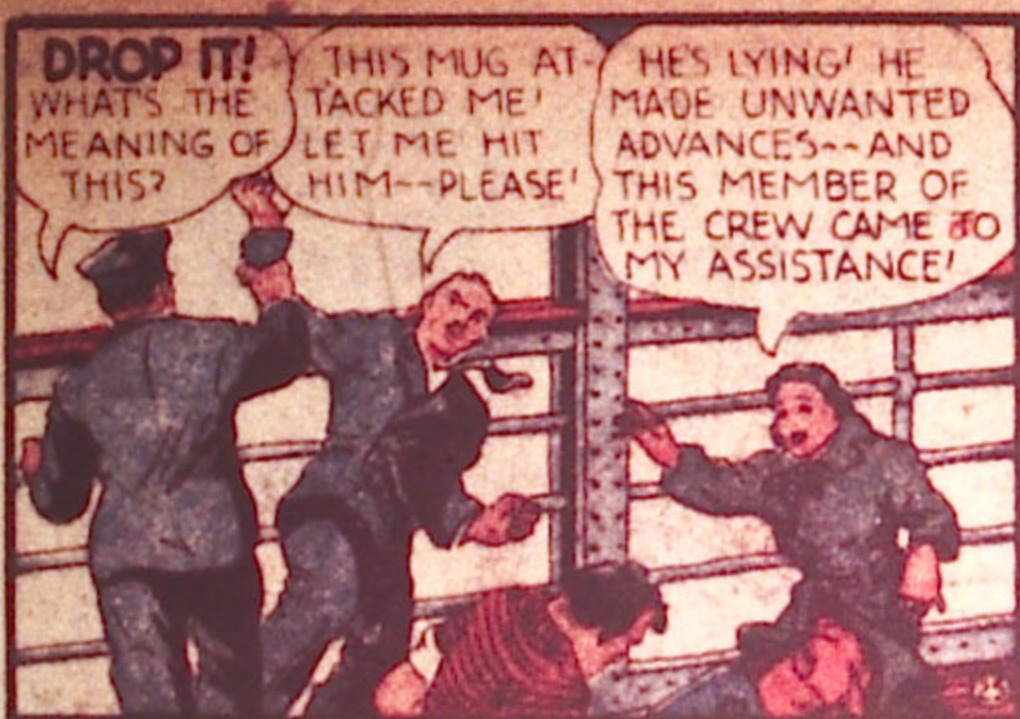
JONES SLAMS BART WITH A TERRIFIC LEFT THAT
SENDS HIM, DAZED, TO THE DECK-FLOOR---

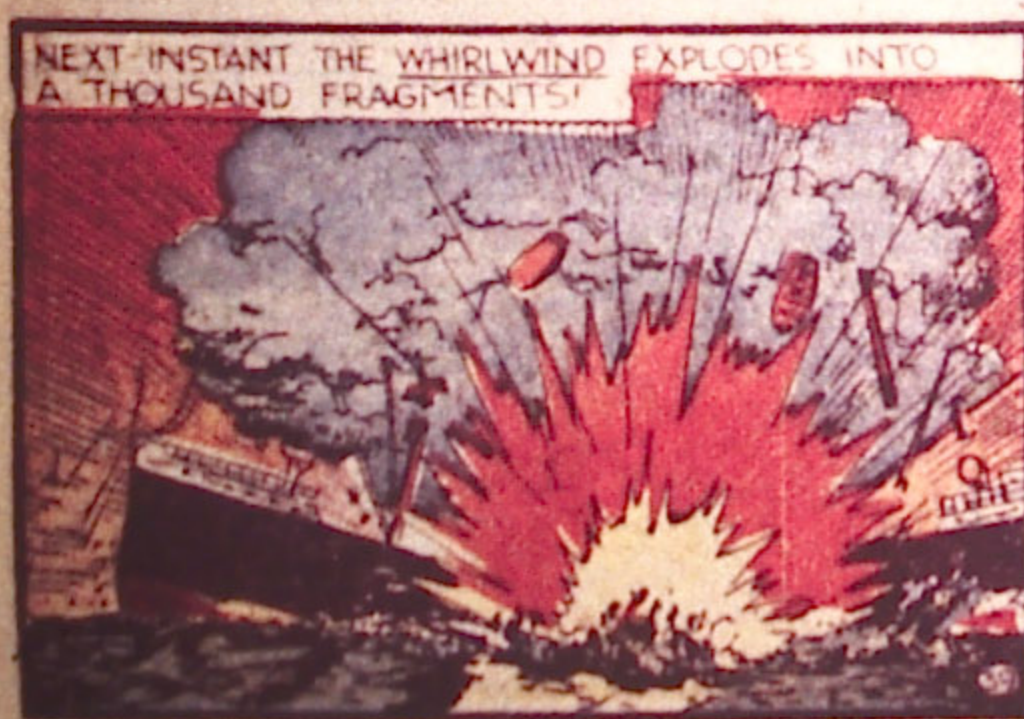
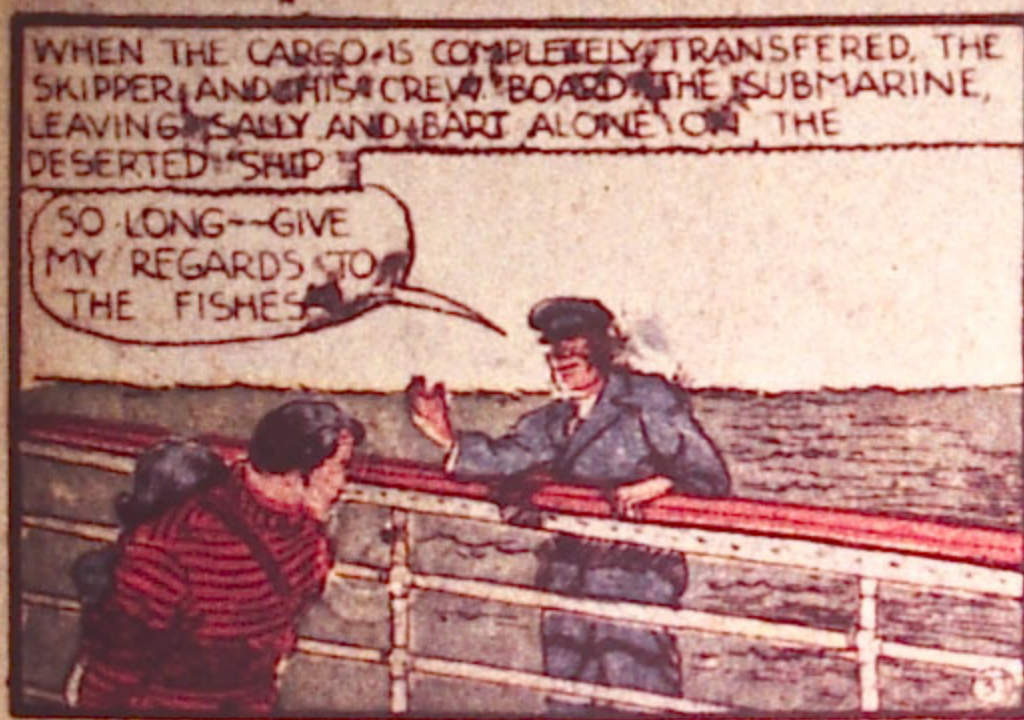
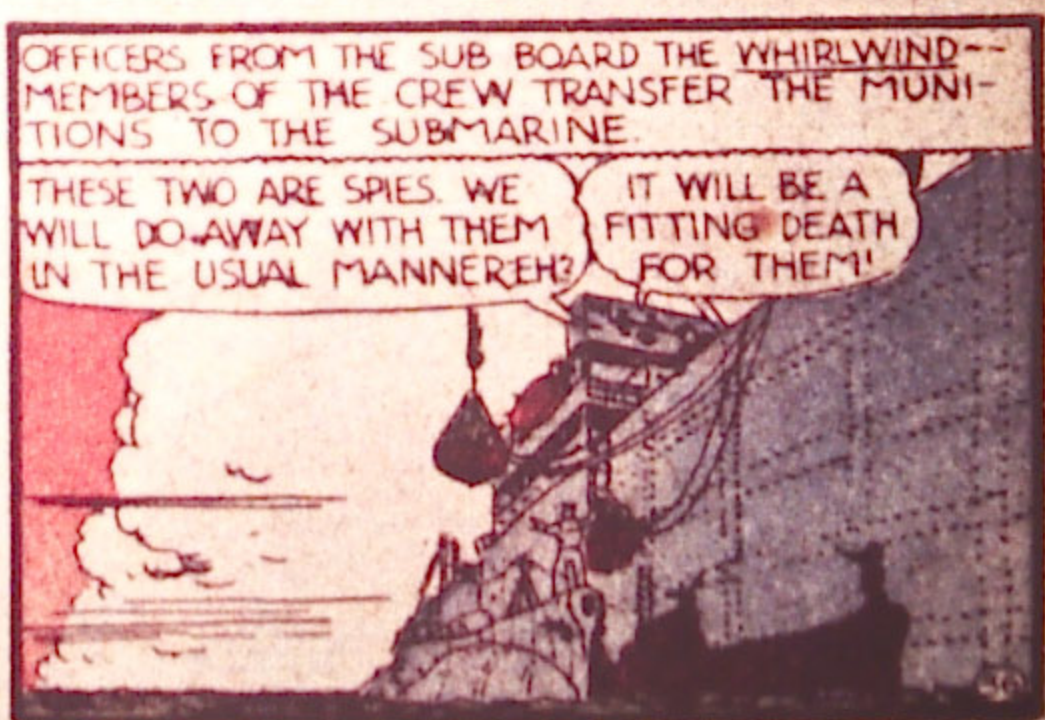
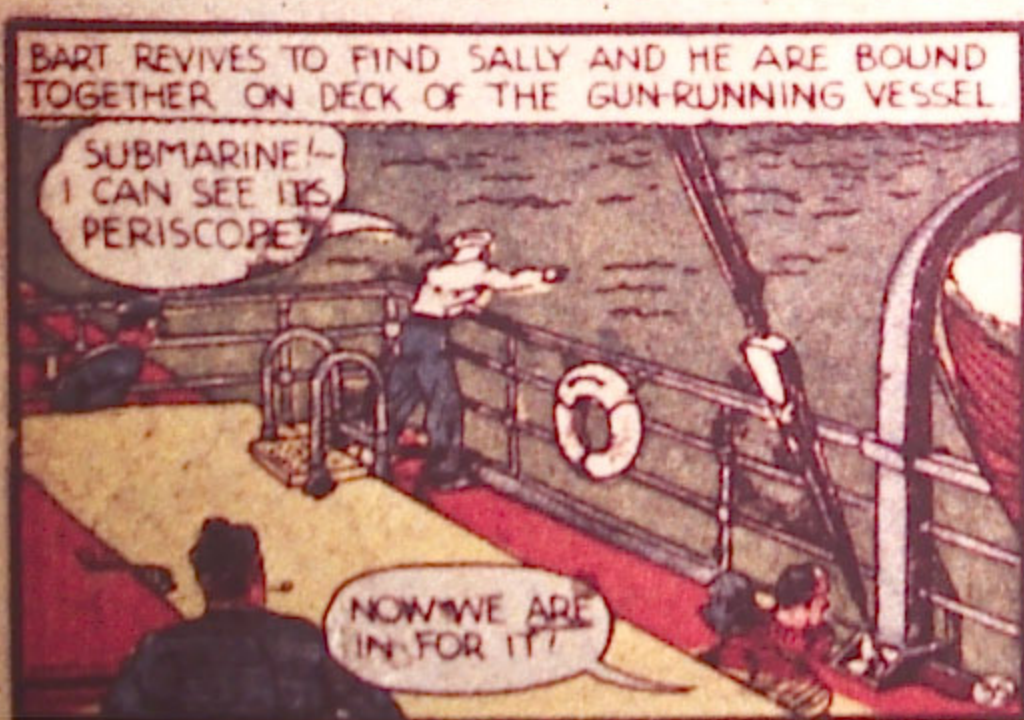
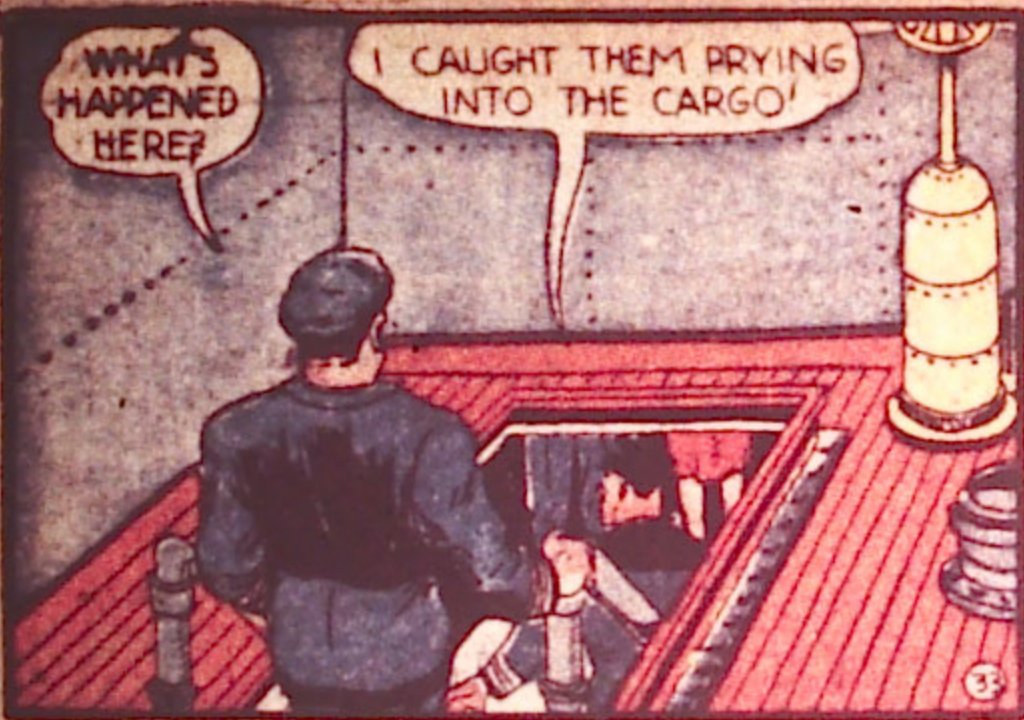
I'LL SHOW
YA WHO'S BOSS
AROUND HERE!

SEIZING A BELAYING-PIN, THE INFURIATED FIRST
MATE CRASHES IT DOWN TOWARDS BART'S SKULL--

REALIZING THAT A BELAYING PIN CAN CRUSH A
MAN'S HEAD, SALLY RACES FORWARD, SHRIEKING--

DON'T HIT HIM!
~ DON'T!





WHEW! WE JUST ESCAPED DEATH BY SECONDS!

DON'T BE SO CERTAIN WE ESCAPED! THE SUB IS BEGINNING TO SUBMERGE!



IN ANOTHER MOMENT BART AND SALLY ARE FLOUNDERING IN THE WATER---

KEEP---

WHAT'S THE USE!-WE'RE BOUND TO TIRE AND DROWN SOON ANYWAY-



LOOK!-A CONNING-TOWER!



A SUBMARINE RISES OUT OF THE WATER-- SALLY AND BART ARE ASSISTED WITHIN--

HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

WE WERE ABANDONED TO DIE UPON THE WHIRLWIND BY ITS CREW WHICH TRANSFERRED ITS MUNITIONS CARGO ABOARD A SUBMARINE!



I'VE SIGHTED THE ENEMY SUBMARINE.-MY COUNTRY PAID FOR THE MUNITIONS --BUT THE TRAITOROUS OWNERS OF THE WHIRLWIND SOLD OUT TO THE ENEMY!

I GET IT! THE ENEMY PAID FOR THE AMMUNITIONS THEN SUNK THE VESSEL TO MAKE IT APPEAR AS THOUGH THE MUNITIONS HAD GONE DOWN THUS, THE COMPANY WAS PAID DOUBLE!



THE TWO SUBMARINES ENGAGE IN UNDERWATER COMBAT!



THE ENEMY SUBMARINE IS HIT!



A WEEK LATER-- SPY HEADQUARTERS-WASHINGTON, D.C.

YOU TOOK A DANGEROUS CHANCE --BUT THE INFORMATION YOU'VE SECURED WILL BE SUFFICIENT FOR US TO PROSECUTE THE GUILTY COMPANY ILLEGALLY SHIPPING ARMS



THERE'S ONLY ONE TYPE OF ARMS I'M INTERESTED IN--
BART'S!!

THE END

CRIME NEVER PAYS

DON VINCENT

NAME *Grace Blair* NO 3762
 ADDRESS *268 - 7th Ave New York* SEX *F* NAT *US* AGE *35*
 JUL 18 1904
 RIGHT ☒ LEFT ☒
 12 TEETH
 CODE



DENTAL WORK NOW IS ALMOST AS GOOD AN EVIDENCE OF IDENTITY AS FINGERPRINTS!

ON MANY CASES DURING THE PAST FEW YEARS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA, DENTAL WORK HAS PROVED ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING METHODS OF IDENTIFICATION. NO TWO PERSON'S TEETH ARE THE SAME AND CHART RECORDS, SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF MISSING MOLARS, ETC., OFFER A SIMPLE MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION.

ONE OF THE RECENT SPECTACULAR MURDER CASES WAS THAT OF KITTY SHAEFTNER, OF VIENNA, WHOSE BODY WAS FOUND CHARRED BEYOND RECOGNITION YET THE POLICE SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT IDENTIFIED HER BY A CAST AND RECORDS OF DENTAL WORK.

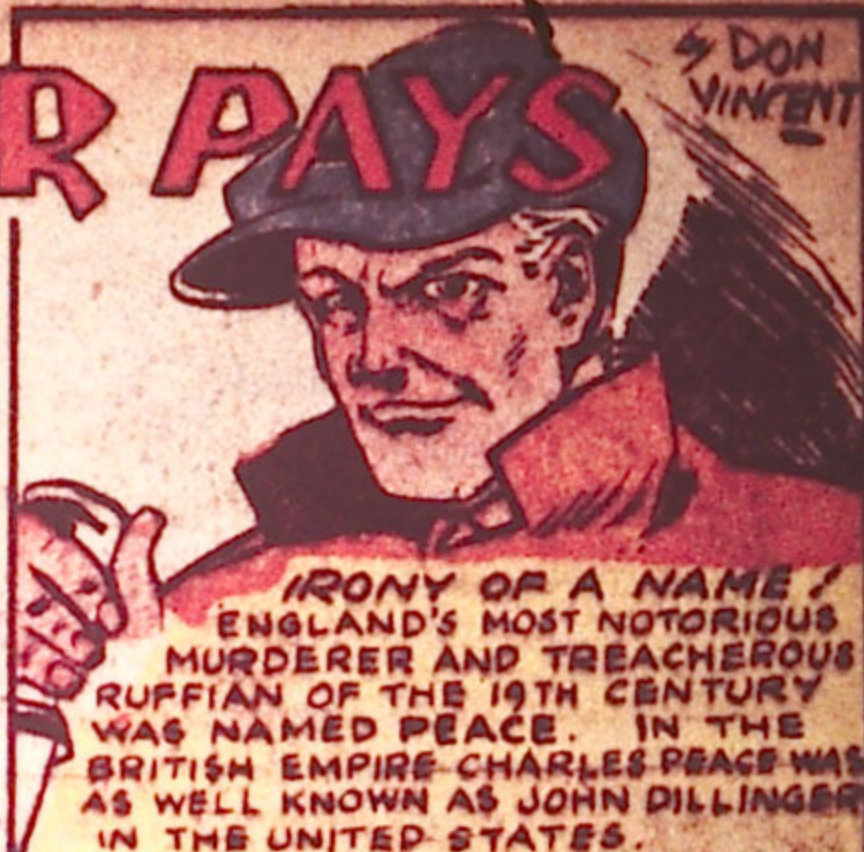


CRIMINALS TRAILED BY NICKNAMES!

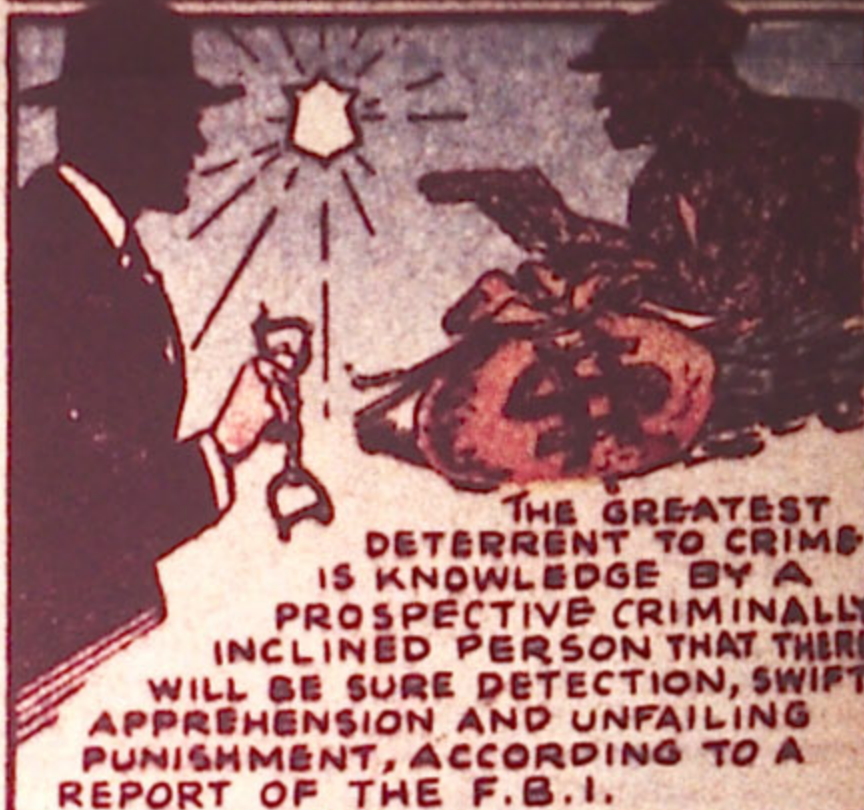
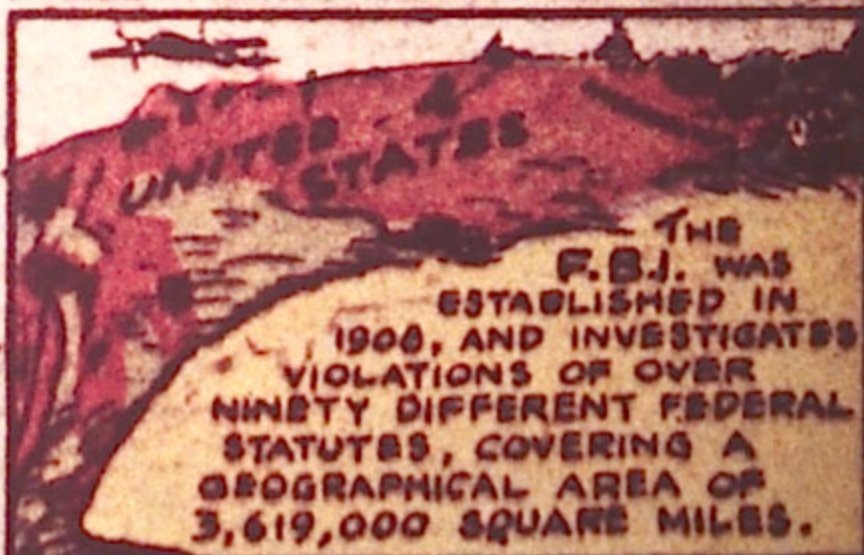
ON SEARCH FOR MISSING CRIMINALS ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS FREQUENTLY FIND THAT THE NICKNAMES OF LAWBREAKERS IS A VALUABLE CLUE. THESE NAMES ARE SELDOM CHANGED, ALTHOUGH A CRIMINAL MASQUERADES UNDER MANY ALIASES, ALMOST INVARIABLY, HE WILL CONTINUE TO BE KNOWN BY HIS NICKNAME BY HIS ASSOCIATES IN THE UNDERWORLD, AND AS NICKNAMES ARE BASED ON PERSONAL HABITS, PHYSICAL APPEARANCE, ETC., OFFICERS ARE ABLE TO "SPOT" WANTED MEN OR WOMEN WHO ARE WELL KNOWN UNDER SOME NICKNAME.



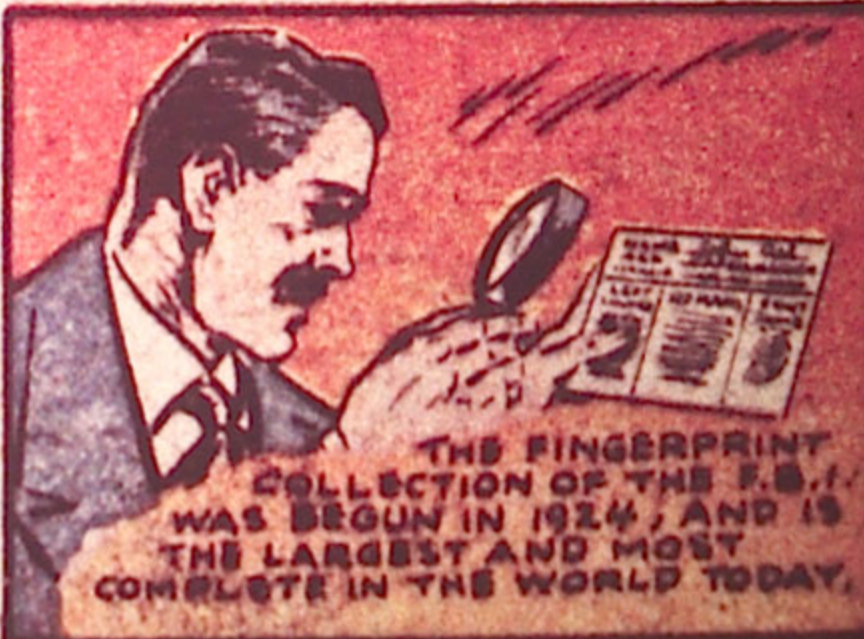
THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION CONVICTS NINETY EIGHT OF EVERY ONE HUNDRED PERSONS IT TAKES TO TRIAL.



IRONY OF A NAME!
 ENGLAND'S MOST NOTORIOUS MURDERER AND TREACHEROUS RUFFIAN OF THE 19TH CENTURY WAS NAMED PEACE. IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE CHARLES PEACE WAS AS WELL KNOWN AS JOHN DILLINGER IN THE UNITED STATES.



THE GREATEST DETERRENT TO CRIME IS KNOWLEDGE BY A PROSPECTIVE CRIMINALLY INCLINED PERSON THAT THERE WILL BE SURE DETECTION, SWIFT APPREHENSION AND UNFAILING PUNISHMENT, ACCORDING TO A REPORT OF THE F.B.I.



THE FINGERPRINT COLLECTION OF THE F.B.I. WAS BEGUN IN 1924, AND IS THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE IN THE WORLD TODAY.

Stamp Collectors' Corner

WILL ISSUE OWN STAMPS

A new stamp issuing entity appears in this year's 1939 catalog, for the Arctic Island of Greenland, second largest island in the world, is soon to have its own postage stamps. Heretofore, postage paper of Denmark has been used. The first postage of the new system will appear early in 1939. The initial issue will feature a portrait of King Christian X, present monarch of Denmark and another design will present a polar bear.

WEST INDIAN CONTRIBUTION

The British colony of St. Lucia in the West Indies has issued its "new reign" postage paper in honor of King George VI.

St. Lucia is noted as the largest of the British Windward Islands and it is also considered the loveliest. This new stamp issue will provide another mark of distinction, for it is an exceptionally handsome contribution to philately. It gives us many views of the island not previously exhibited on postage stamps.

The lower denominations are in usual postage stamp size and present a portrait of King George VI in an oval frame surmounted by a crown. In this design we have the half-penny green, 1 pence violet, 1½ p. scarlet, 2p. gray, 2½p. ultramarine and 3p. orange.

The scenic designs are in horizontal format with the sovereign's head carried at the right. The 6p. claret bears a view of Columbus Square, the 1-shilling brown pictures Government House, the 2sh. red-violet and blue bears a view of the "Pitons". These mountain peaks are the chief natural feature of the island. They are immense rocky pyramids rising abruptly from the sea, covered on three sides with dense forests. One of St. Lucia's chief products—the banana—is introduced on the 5sh. violet and black stamp which shows a picture of natives loading the fruit onto a steamship.

The highest value is 10sh. black and yellow, which carries the colony's seal.

Christopher Columbus discovered St. Lucia on December 13th, 1502, the feast day of the saint for whom he named the island. In 1605 the English attempted a settlement on the fertile spot but the colonists were all killed by the Carib inhabitants. Followed a few centuries of fighting between the French and British for possession of the island, but it definitely became

a British possession in 1814. Along with the other West Indian islands, St. Lucia suffered a great loss of prosperity when slavery was abolished. Cotton and sugar plantations were abandoned, but the cultivation of new crops, such as bananas and cocoa, are bringing about a considerable improvement in the economic status of this British colony.

\$35.00 IN POSTAGE STAMPS



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ELIJAH FLIES!!
HEAVENWARD!!

First time in history an actual scene from the OLD TESTAMENT has been reproduced on postage stamp! It is just one of four beautifully engraved stamps just issued by Vatican City. This set is to be found among hundreds of

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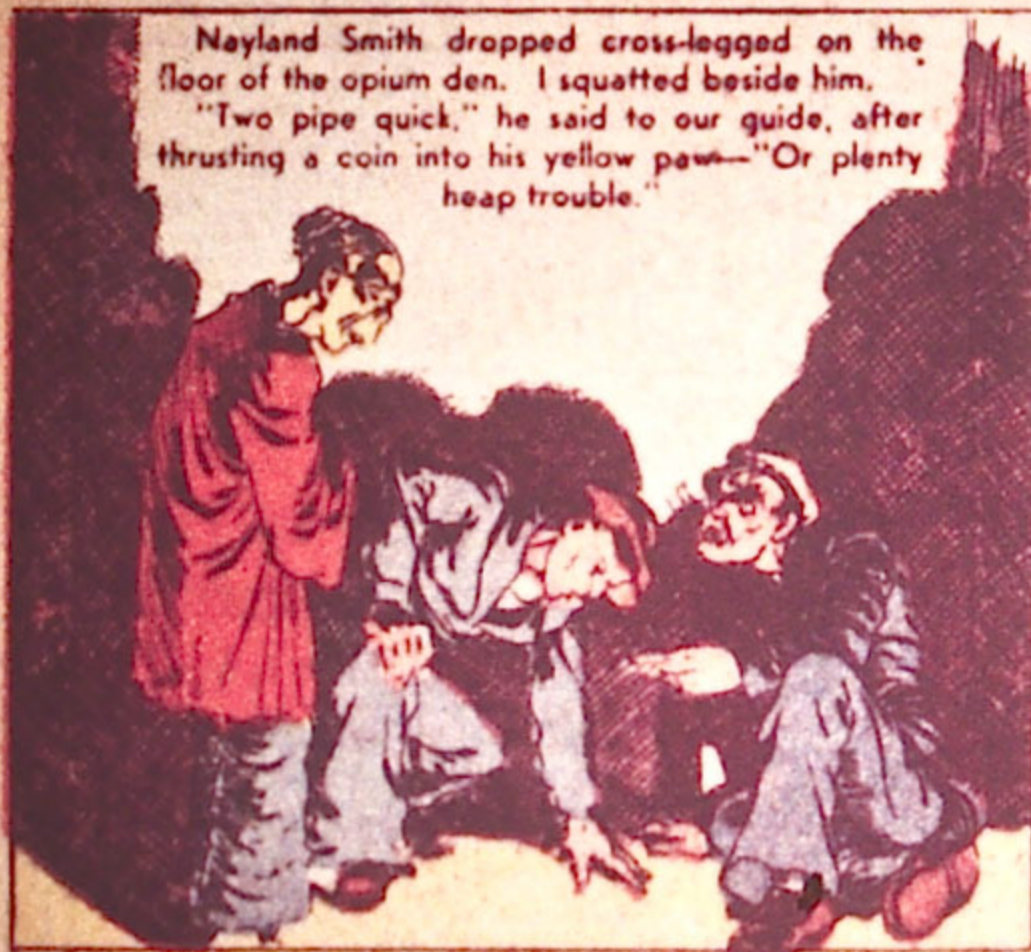
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The Mysterious DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

By
SAX ROHMER

Nayland Smith dropped cross-legged on the floor of the opium den. I squatted beside him. "Two pipe quick," he said to our guide, after thrusting a coin into his yellow paw—"Or plenty heap trouble."



Shen Yan shuffled to the smoky lamp. Holding a long needle in the flame he dipped it into an old cocoa tin. A bead of opium adhered to the end. Roasting the drug over the lamp, he dropped it into the bowl of a pipe which he held ready . . .



"Pass it over!" called Smith huskily, with the assumed eagerness of a slave to the drug. He put the pipe to his lips, while Shen Yan prepared another for me.

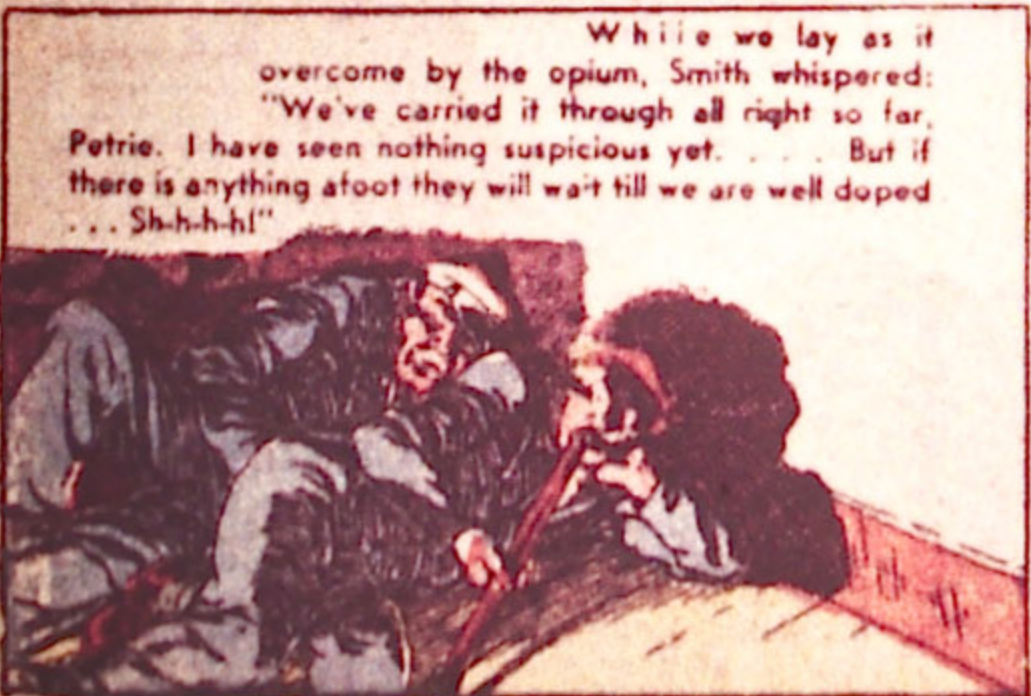
"Whatever you do, don't inhale any, Petrie!" he warned.



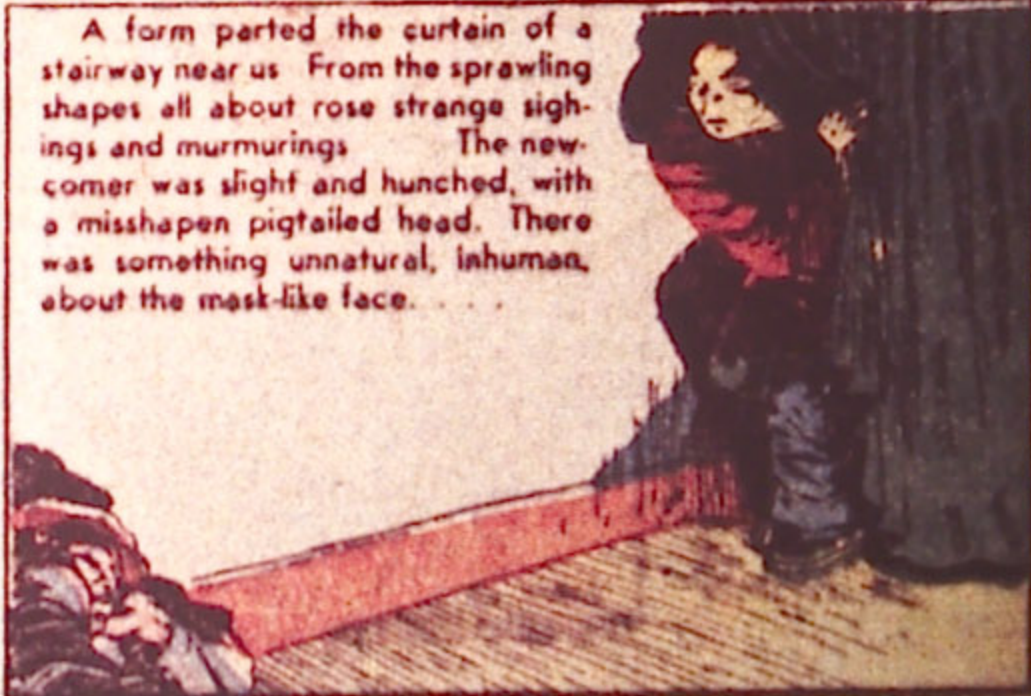
We pretended to smoke, and taking my cue from Smith I allowed my head gradually to sink lower and lower, until, within a few minutes, I sprawled sideways on the floor, Smith close by me.



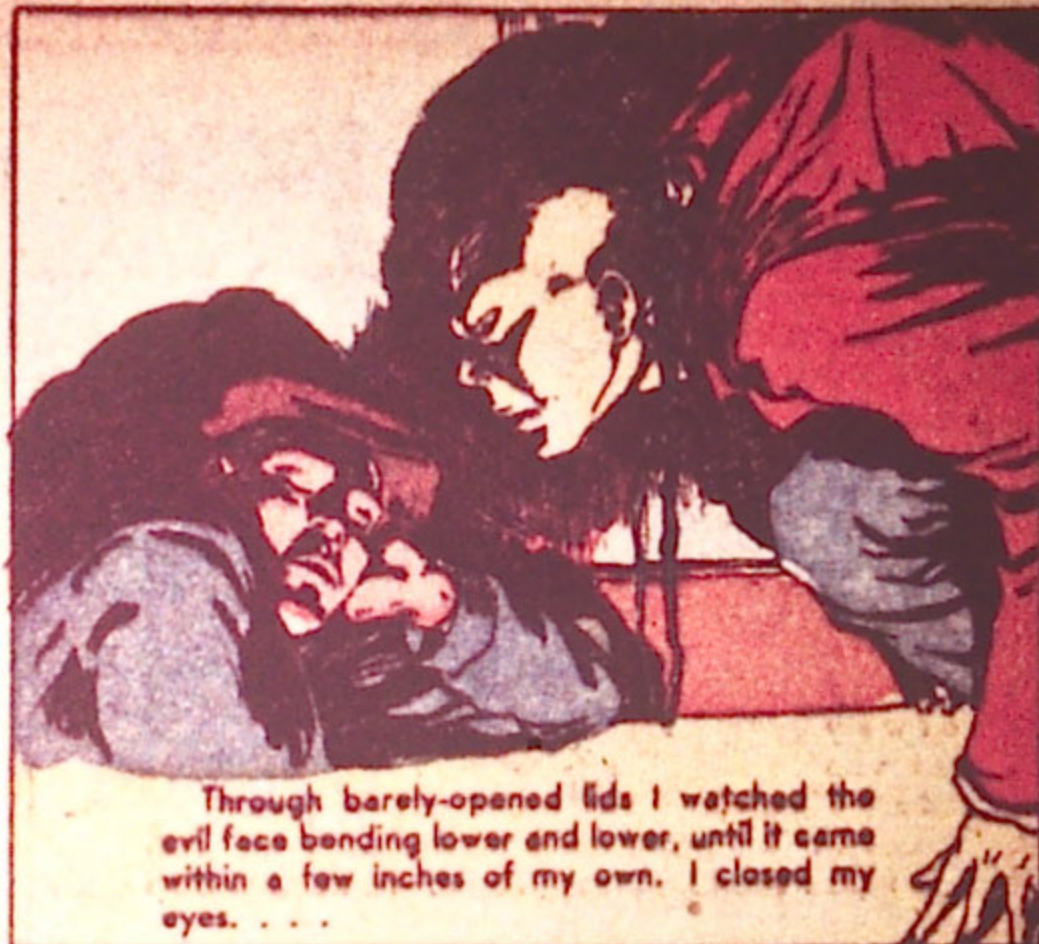
While we lay as if overcome by the opium, Smith whispered: "We've carried it through all right so far, Petrie. I have seen nothing suspicious yet. . . . But if there is anything afoot they will wait till we are well doped . . . Sh-h-h-h!"



A form parted the curtain of a stairway near us. From the sprawling shapes all about rose strange sighings and murmurings. The newcomer was slight and hunched, with a misshapen pigtailed head. There was something unnatural, inhuman, about the mask-like face.



The yellow man crept closer, closer, bent and peering. He was watching us! Fu Manchu, from Smith's description, in no way resembled this crouching apparition with the death's head countenance and lithe movements. But here, surely, was one of the yellow devil's murder group.



Through barely-opened lids I watched the evil face bending lower and lower, until it came within a few inches of my own. I closed my eyes. . . .

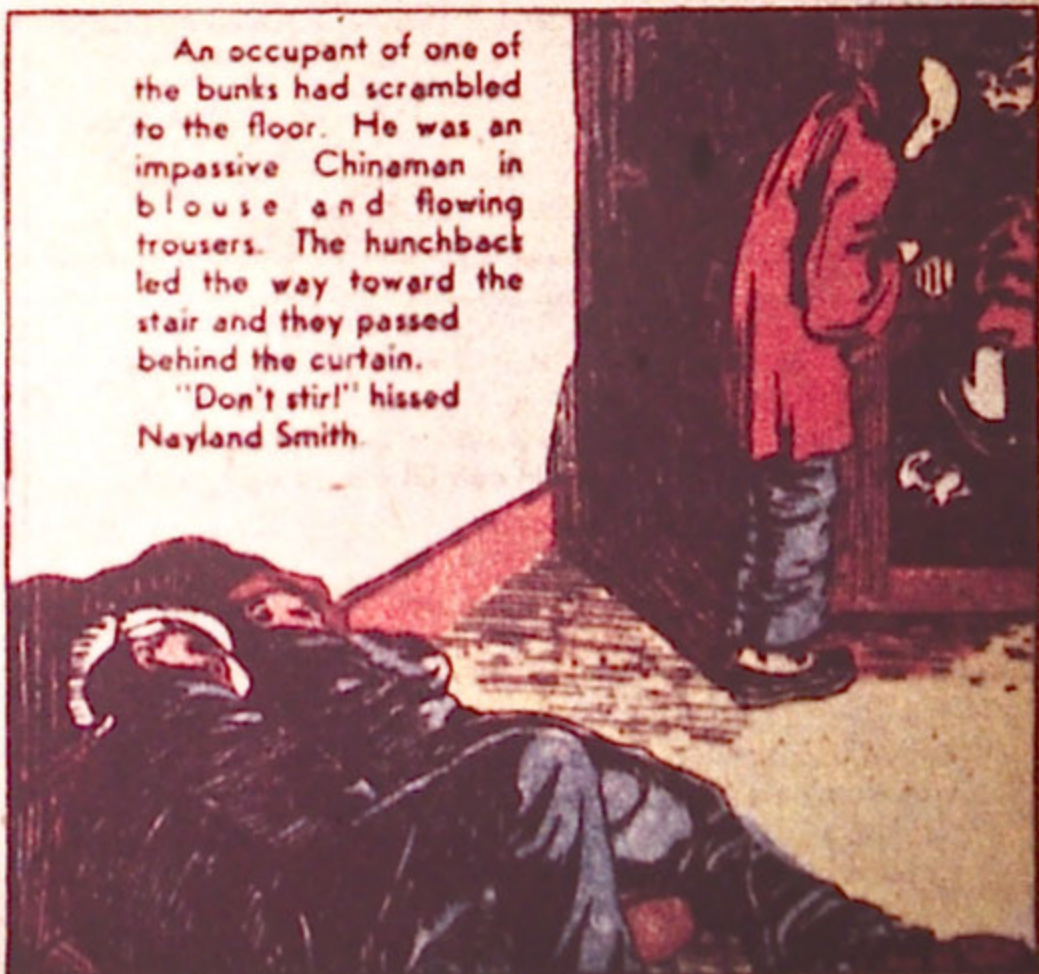
Delicate fingers touched my right eyelid as I lay like one dead. Fortunately, my medical knowledge told me what was coming—this creature sought to learn whether I was unconscious. I rolled my eyes up, as the lid was adroitly lifted and lowered again. . . .



The man moved away. Smith murmured: "Good. Petriel. He took me on trust after that. Have you noticed the silence? Most of these men are shamming. . . . They are not drugged. . . ."



"What an awful face that man has! Petriel, it's the hunchback Detective Cadby saw going into Shen Yan's!" Suddenly he grasped my arm. "Ah, I thought so! Do you see that?"



An occupant of one of the bunks had scrambled to the floor. He was an impassive Chinaman in blouse and flowing trousers. The hunchback led the way toward the stair and they passed behind the curtain. "Don't stir!" hissed Nayland Smith.

Soon the impassive Chinaman came downstairs and left as the little bent man went to another bunk and conducted through the curtained doorway a man who looked like a lascar.

"A decoit!" whispered Smith excitedly. "They come here to report and take orders, Petrie. Fu Manchu is up there!"



"What shall we do?"

"Wait. We must try to rush the stairs. When that little yellow devil comes back for another man I'll give the word. You're nearer, and will have to go first, but I can deal with the hunchback. . . ."

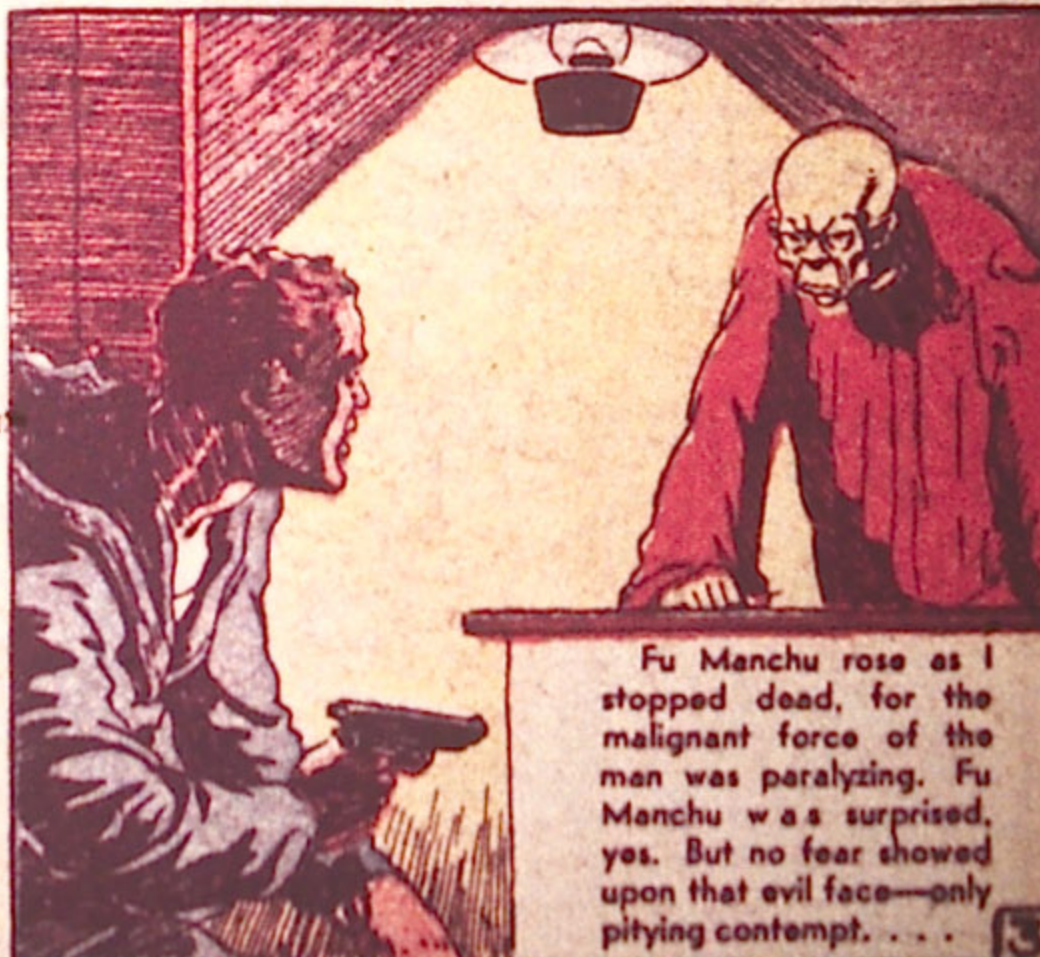


"Up you go, Petrie!" cried Smith, seizing the hunchback. I leaped to my feet and made for the stairs. . . .

Nayland Smith was close behind me as I raced along a covered passageway in purer air, and he was at my heels when I crashed open a door at the end and almost fell into the room. . . .
Fu Manchul



Fu Manchu sat at a table above which an oil-lamp swung by a brass chain. His face was dominated by the most uncanny eyes that ever reflected a human soul, for they were narrow and long, and of a brilliant green. But their unique horror lay in a certain filminess, which seemed to lift as I passed the threshold, revealing the eyes in all their weird iridescence. . . .



Fu Manchu rose as I stopped dead, for the malignant force of the man was paralyzing. Fu Manchu was surprised, yes. But no fear showed upon that evil face—only pitying contempt. . . .



"It's Fu Manchul!" screamed Smith from behind me. "It's Fu Manchul! Cover him! Shoot him dead. . . ." The end of that sentence I never heard. . . .



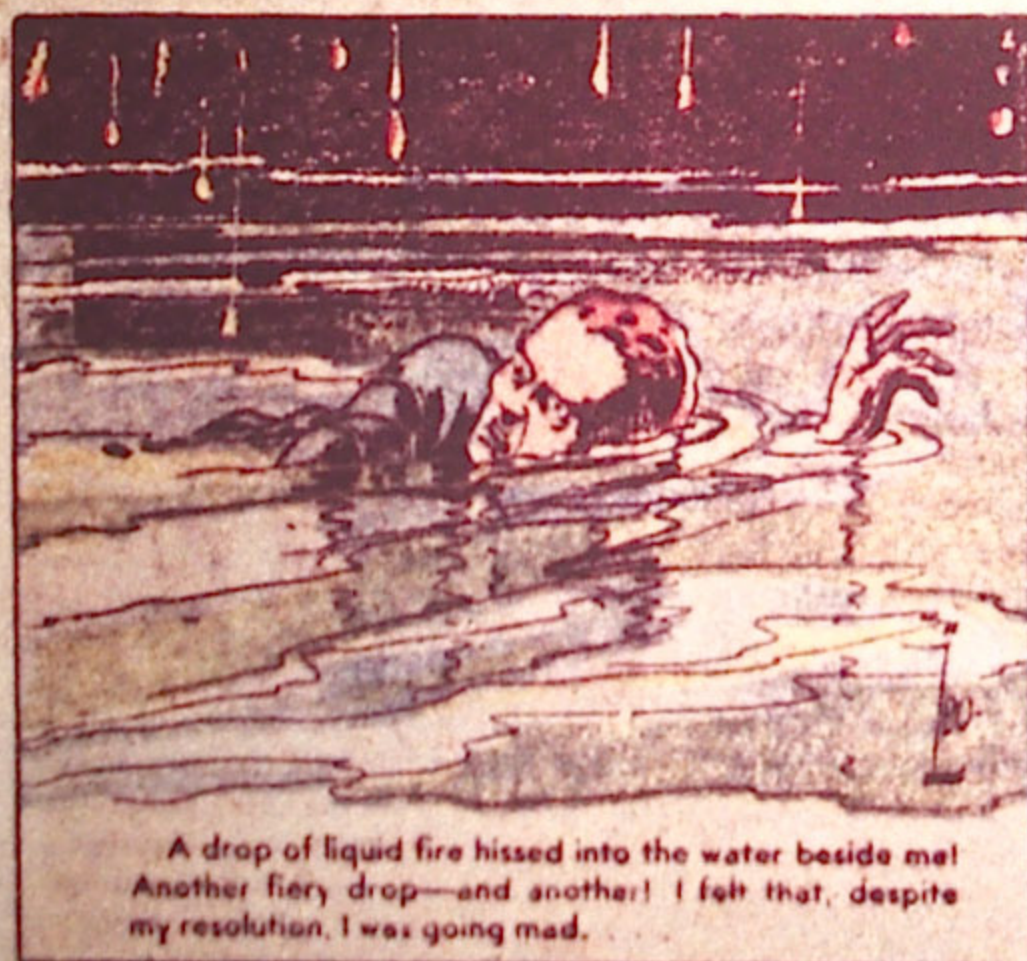
For Fu Manchul reached down beside the table, and the floor slipped from under me. My pistol went off . . . One last glimpse I had of the fixed green eyes, and with a shriek I was unable to repress I dropped, dropped, dropped—



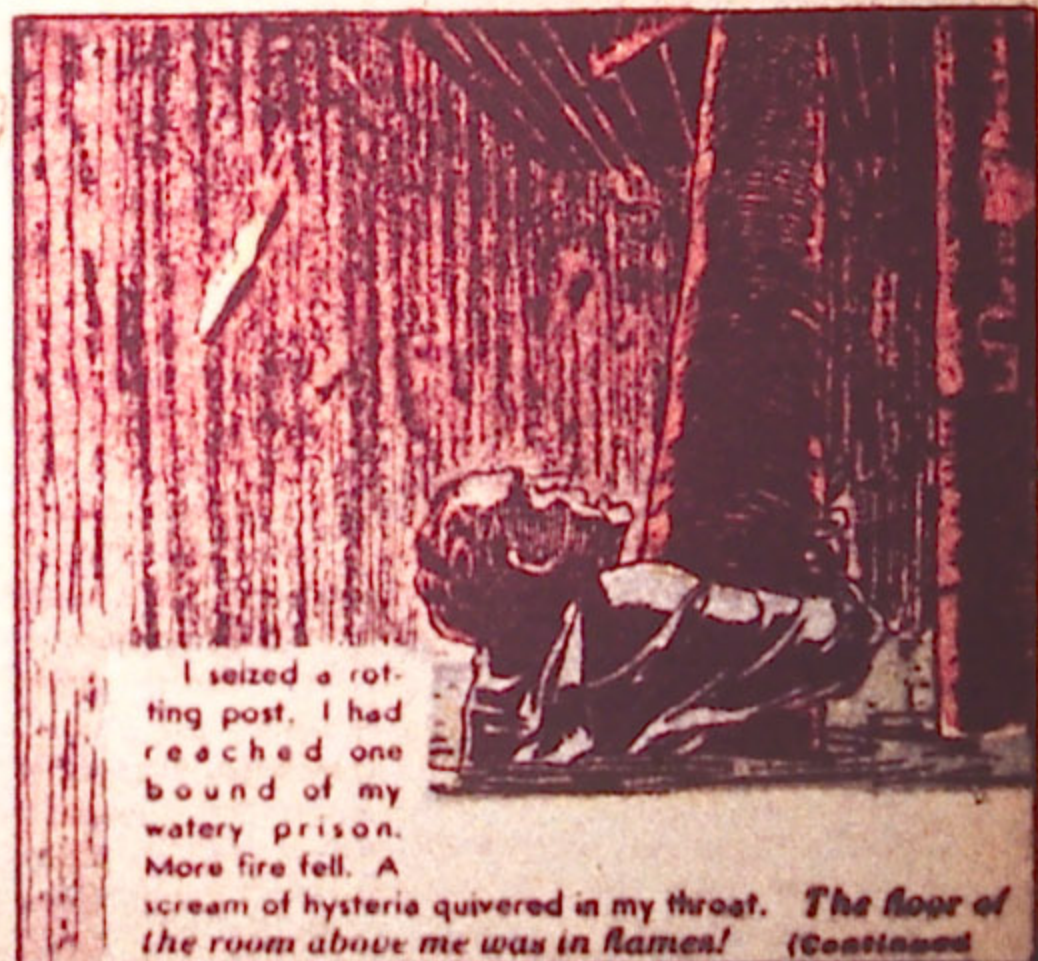
"Smith!" I cried, "Help! Help!"
The trap which Fu Manchul had sprung as I stood before him in the upstairs room behind Shen Yan's had cast me into a pit of unknown depth, amid stifling smells and the lapping of tidal water. Black terror had me by the throat.



I was about to cry out again when, mustering my failing courage, I recognized that I had better use for my energies. I began to swim straight ahead—desperately determined to die hard, if die I must. . . .



A drop of liquid fire hissed into the water beside me! Another fiery drop—and another! I felt that, despite my resolution, I was going mad.



I seized a rotting post. I had reached one bound of my watery prison. More fire fell. A scream of hysteria quivered in my throat. **The floor of the room above me was in flames!** (Continued)

THE OLD GRAY HOUSE



By
Terry Keane

IT was late Saturday afternoon when Billy and Joe found themselves on the dusty country road that led back to Harbor Hill. They had left early that morning for a good, long hike in the woods and hills, with their knapsacks filled with sandwiches, pies and all the other tasty edibles their mothers knew two hungry, fourteen year old boys would enjoy.

Tired but extremely happy and contented, they trudged down the rutted roadway. On the left they passed Farmer Swanson's large farm, almost completely enclosed by a winding stone hedge. A group of cows eyed them sadly till they rounded a bend and disappeared from sight.

They continued along and crossed the rickety bridge over Snake Creek. The road rose and stretched over a small hill and when they reached the crest they stopped for a rest. Down at the bottom of the decline they could see the old gray house that a lot of people in Harbor Hill claimed was haunted. It stood back from the roadway about fifty feet and was partly hidden from view by a cluster of walnut and elm trees. The roof had lost most of its reddish color during the long years of exposure to the elements and one of the brick chimneys had been shattered by lightning.

They were about to continue when Billy grabbed Joe by the arm and pointed toward the ancient building. "Look, Joe, over by the side of the house . . . isn't that something shiny?"

Joe looked and held his breath. "Sure enough," he said in an awed tone, "there's something there, all right! Let's see what it is!"

Silently they marched down the road, their eyes wide with anticipation. They halted and Joe whispered, "It's an automobile!"

"Gosh!" said Billy, "I wonder what it's doin' down here? Nobody's lived in that house for the last sixty years!"

The unusual situation and the undisturbed quietness of the place fired the imaginations of both boys. Curiosity, too, urged them on and cautiously they made their way through

the scattered trees towards the forbidding looking mansion. There wasn't a sound nor could they see any movement near or in the building. Alert and excited, they stood by the side of the house and debated their next step.

"Let's circle the building," suggested Billy. "Perhaps we'll discover something then."

"All right," responded Joe, eagerly. "I'll meet you around on the other side!"

The boys separated, Billy starting towards the front and Joe towards the rear. Then they turned the corners and disappeared from each other's view. Joe marched slowly back of the house, the leaves and pebbles crunching beneath his feet. He swung around the back porch and passed the rear entrance . . . and he stopped. He was sure he had heard a noise!



He listened carefully and thought he detected a "clicking" sound coming from the cellar. It ceased and everything was still. He was about to continue when suddenly both his arms were held in a vise-like grip and

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Get this Junior Guitar for you! It's a real guitar, just like the ones you see in the stores. It's made of wood and has a beautiful sound. It's perfect for you, and it's perfect for your friends. It's perfect for you, and it's perfect for your friends. It's perfect for you, and it's perfect for your friends.

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ALLIED ENGINEERING INSTITUTE
65 Park Place—Dept. 67—New York, N. Y.

a hand was pressed over his mouth to prevent him from shouting!

"Why, it's only a kid," he heard a gruff voice say. Then he was turned around and he saw two, scowling men who eyed him viciously. One of them, he noticed, had an automatic in his hand.

"Listen, Mike," the one said who held Joe, "this kid's gonna complicate things . . . we'll have to blow just as soon as we can!"

The other was thoughtful. "I guess you're right, Harry. This is something we never figured on. We'll keep him with us till we get everything packed and then tie him up and leave him here."

Still holding his arms and covering his mouth, they forced Joe into the house and it was at that moment that Billy rounded the corner and saw the group entering the building. Swiftly he ducked behind the porch and waited till the door shut. Those men were holding Joe . . . maybe they were going to kidnap him!

HE waited breathlessly for a minute or more and then he noticed that a light of some kind, possibly an oil lamp, was burning in the cellar. Without a sound, he crept close to the ivy-covered side of the old house and peered into the basement of the building through one of the broken shutters. They had Joe seated on an old chair and were fastening a white handkerchief around his mouth. Then they tied him to the chair with a long piece of rope.

Billy's eyes traveled around the cellar. In one corner was a small printing machine and on a table standing beside it were several piles of crisp, new-looking bills.

"Golly, those fellows have been printing money!" Billy gulped to himself. "They must be counterfeiters!"

The men within the house were intently engaged in dismantling the printing machine and packing the newly-made currency in traveling bags.

"Listen, Harry," Billy heard one of them say, "you better take some of this stuff out and put it in the trunk of the car. I'll have this machine apart by that time and then we'll get out of this section of the country as fast as we can!"

"Okay," the other man replied and disappeared through the doorway. Billy's brain worked rapidly and suddenly a bright and daring plan gleamed in his mind. He stole away from

the window and paced around the house to the side where the car stood. He scanned the ground for a few seconds, looking for a heavy stick. Finally he spied a thick one and ducking behind a wide tree, waited for the man to approach.



He heard the back door slam and the crunching of the twigs and leaves told him that the man was walking toward the car. Billy gripped the club-like branch above his head in readiness. The man drew near and then passed in front of the tree where Billy was hiding. Swiftly, Billy swung the heavy stick with all his might and brought it down on the man's head. Without a sound he dropped to the ground unconscious.

Billy searched the man's pockets for the keys to the car. He found them and leaped behind the wheel. He wasn't sure whether he could drive this car although time and again he had driven his Uncle John's big roadster. He unlocked the ignition, turned it on and started the engine. He shifted gears and drove out, bumping and bouncing down the dusty road toward the town of Harbor Hill. It was the wildest and most exciting ride he had ever taken, swerving from side to side and jumping around like a Mexican jumping bean.

Right through the middle of the

town he rode, not because he wanted to but because he couldn't stop the car. He finally succeeded in slowing it down and decided to halt it by riding straight into the old fence near the east end of town.

People rushed out of stores and Chief of Police Higgins raced over to see what all the commotion was about. "Billy Kane! What are you doing in that car? Where did you get it? Are you hurt?"

Billy poured out the whole story to the amazement of the Chief and the other bystanders. And when he told them that the counterfeiters still had Joe tied up in the cellar of the old gray house, the Chief called to a dozen men: "C'mon, fellows! What are we waitin' for?"

They leaped into cars and raced out the country road to the old gray mansion. And they captured the two counterfeiters just as they were about to make a getaway on foot through the woods. Joe was still in the basement of the building, very excited and breathless but none the worse for his experience.

"Well, boys," said the Chief on the way back to town, "I have a very pleasant surprise for you. Those two fellows were wanted by the United States government for many months and there is a reward of \$1,000 for their capture. So I'm mighty happy to say that the reward money will go to both of you!"

For the moment the boys were speechless. Then Billy said: "It just goes to show you, Joe, that sometimes you can make more money catching the counterfeiters than the counterfeiters can make themselves!"

THE END

Ted's Broke
Writes Jim
Now Money and Prizes
Are Coming to Him

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Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to make MONEY and earn PRIZES. Start me at once.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



THE CRIMSON AVENGER

FEARED BY THE UNDER-
WORLD AND HUNTED BY THE
POLICE, THE CRIMSON CARRIES
ON THE WORK OF BEFRIENDING
THE HELPLESS. KNOWN AS THE
CRIMSON TO ONLY HIS CHINESE
SERVANT, WING, LEE TRAVIS
IS THE WEALTHY YOUNG
PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE
LEADER

By Jim Chambers



THE CRIMSON VISITS THE DEAD MAN'S WIFE—

DON'T BE ALARMED, MADAM. I'M YOUR FRIEND.

GOOD HEAVENS, THE CRIMSON AVENGER!



I WANT YOU TO TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW OF YOUR HUSBAND'S ATTACKERS.

OH I CAN'T! THEY THREATENED TO KILL ME IF I TALK! PLEASE GO AWAY.



THAT'S THE THIRD VICTIM I'VE SEEN, WING, AND THEY WON'T TALK!

HEAR EVIL—SEE EVIL BUT NO TALK! I TAKE YOU TO MY HONORABLE FRIEND.



I'LL GO AS LEE TRAVIS. DO YOU THINK HE KNOWS SOMETHING, WING?

MESSE SO. HE'S AN OFFICIAL IN CHINA-TOWN TONG.



HONORABLE SIN LU, THIS IS MR. TRAVIS. HE DESIRES A WORD WITH YOU.

A FRIEND OF WING'S IS MINE ALSO, MR. TRAVIS. PLEASE SIT DOWN.



ALL I KNOW OF THE PRESENT MURDER IS THAT A CERTAIN TONY SPARTA AND HIS RIVER GANG ARE INVOLVED.



LEE ENTERS THE WATERFRONT CAFE -- THE HANGOUT OF THE RIVER GANG --



TONY SPARTA? THAT'S HIM OVER THERE! WILL YA HAVE A DRINK?

THANKS, NO.



SPARTA, I'M FROM
THE GLOBE LEADER.
I'D LIKE A WORD WITH
YOU ABOUT THE ACME
INSURANCE COMPANY.

YEAH? WELL I
DON'T KNOW
NUTTIN'—SO
SCRAM!



HM. WELL HOW WAS
IT YOU TRIED TO SELL
HARRIS A POLICY AN'
THEN HE WAS KILLED?

WHY YOU—
WHAT ARE YA
TRYIN' TO DO—
FRAMM ME?



SPARTA THROWS A FEW WILD PUNCHES AT LEE.



—AND LEE LAYS HIM OUT, COLD—

WOW! WHAT A
SOCK!



LEE RESUMES THE ROLL OF THE CRIMSON—

WING, I'M GOING TO
HAVE A LOOK AT SPARTA'S
BOAT—THERE MAY
BE EVIDENCE.



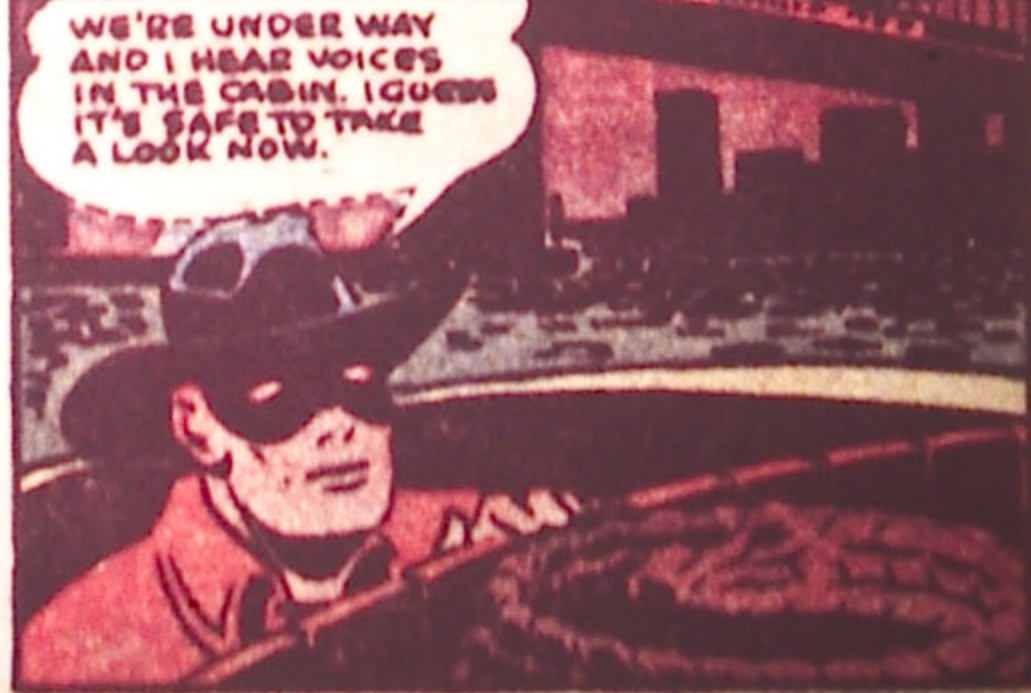
BY TRAILING SPARTA THE CRIMSON FINDS THE
BOAT AND STEALS ABOARD—

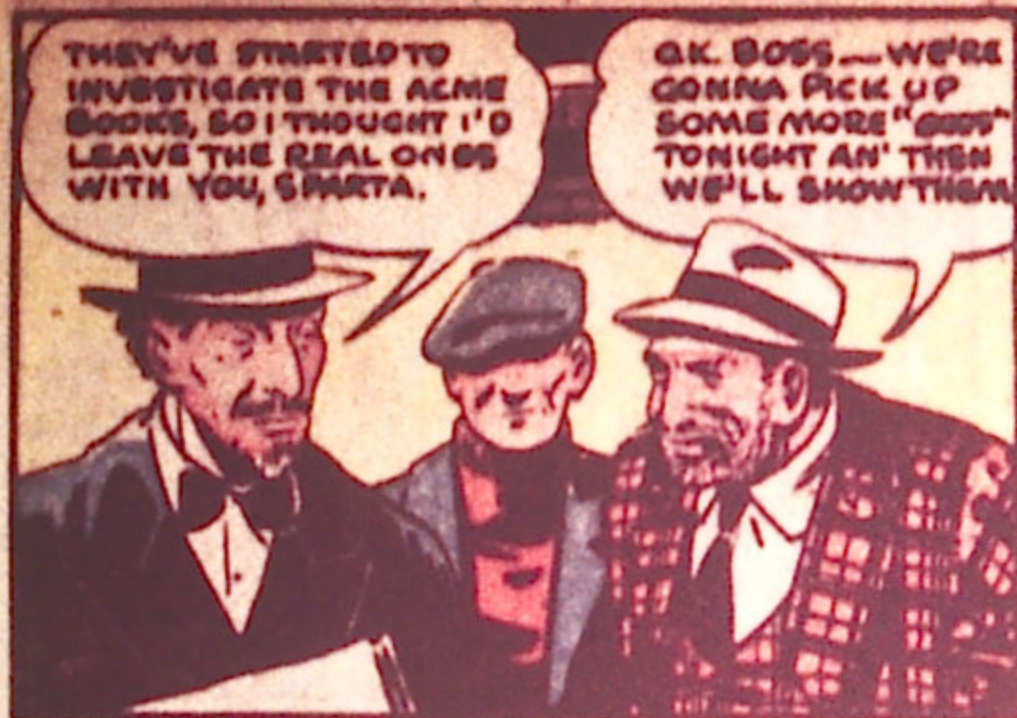


TWO MORE FIGURES BOARD HER AND SHE PUTS
OUT INTO THE RIVER—



WE'RE UNDER WAY
AND I HEAR VOICES
IN THE CABIN. I GUESS
IT'S SAFE TO TAKE
A LOOK NOW.





THEY'VE STARTED TO INVESTIGATE THE ACME BOOKS, SO I THOUGHT I'D LEAVE THE REAL ONES WITH YOU, SPARTA.

O.K. BOSS — WE'RE GONNA PICK UP SOME MORE "GUES" TONIGHT AN' THEN WE'LL SHOW THEM



WHY THAT'S COMMISSIONER BENSON! SO HE'S IN THIS! NOW I GET THE WHOLE SETUP.

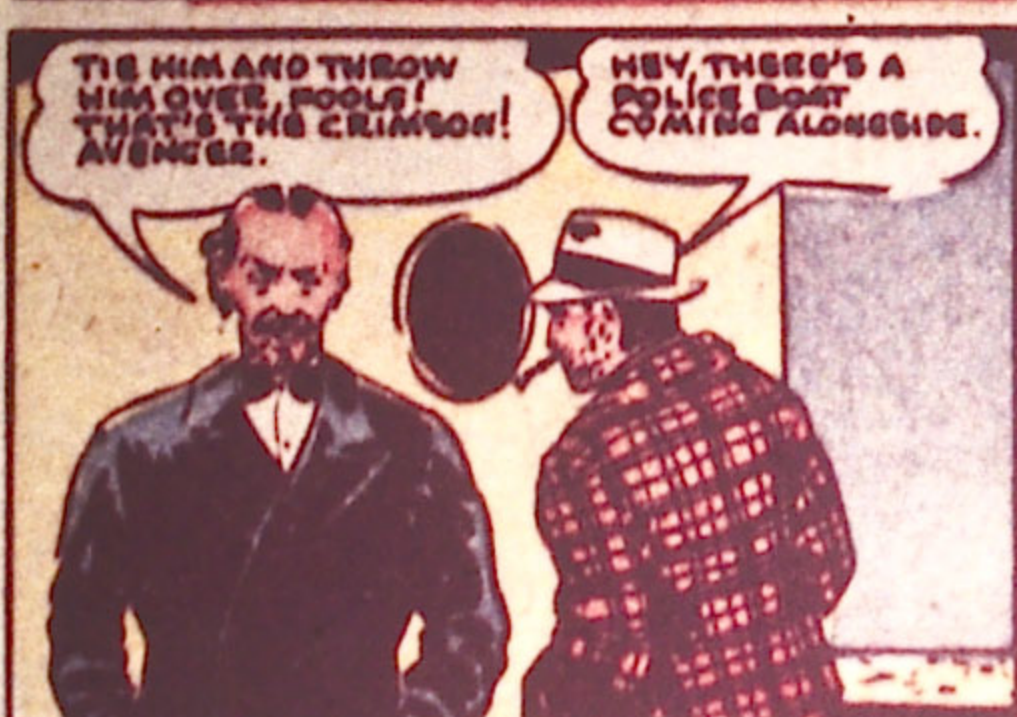


PULLIN' A SNEAK ACT, EH?



I JUST CAUGHT THIS GUY 'SNOOPIN' OUTSIDE.

GOOD WORK, BO. WHO IS HE? WHY THE MASQUERADE?



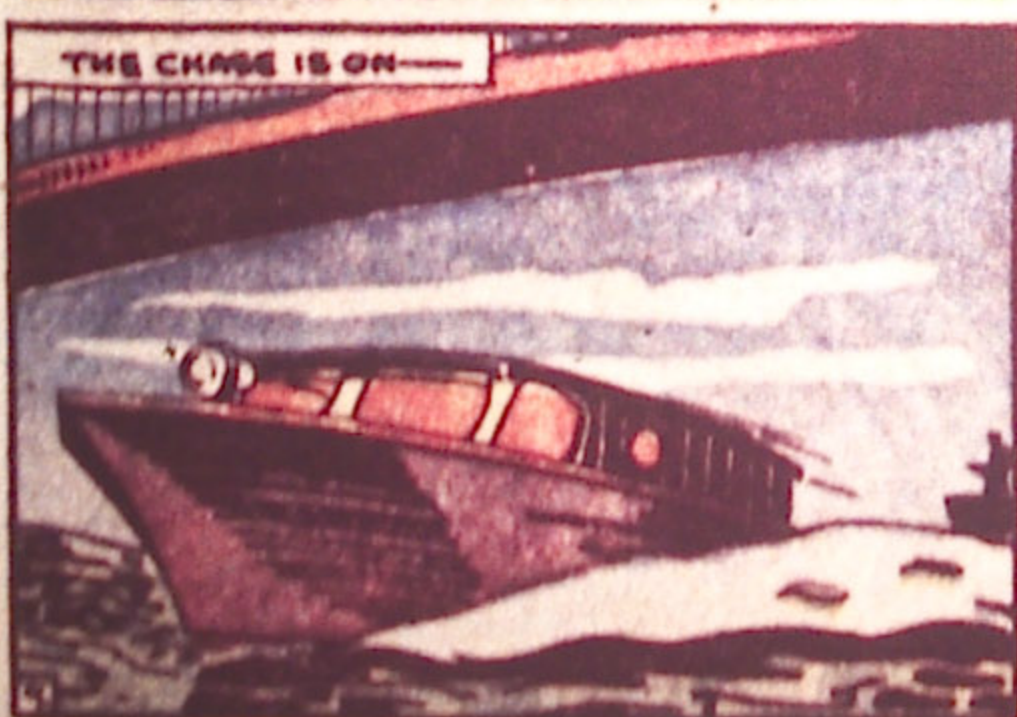
TIE HIM AND THROW HIM OVER, FOOLS! THAT'S THE CRIMSON! AVENGER.

HEY, THERE'S A POLICE BOAT COMING ALONGSIDE.



WELL, PUT ON SOME SPEED — I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE CAUGHT!

O.K. AN' YOU GUYS GET READY WITH THOSE TOMMY GUNS.



THE CHASE IS ON —



STOP OR WE'LL FIRE!

THE ANSWER WAS A NAIL OF LEAD —



THEY GOT RIGGS,
CHIEF AND THEY'RE
GETTING AWAY FROM
US.

WE'LL TRY TO GET
MORE SPEED OUT
OF THIS TUB — WE
CAN'T LOSE THEM NOW.



FORGOTTEN FOR THE MOMENT, THE CRIMSON
COMES TO —



HEY, TONY, I
GOT ANOTHER
ONE!

WELL THAT'S
YOUR LAST!



GET AWAY FROM
THAT WHEEL AND
SHUT THOSE MOTORS
OFF!

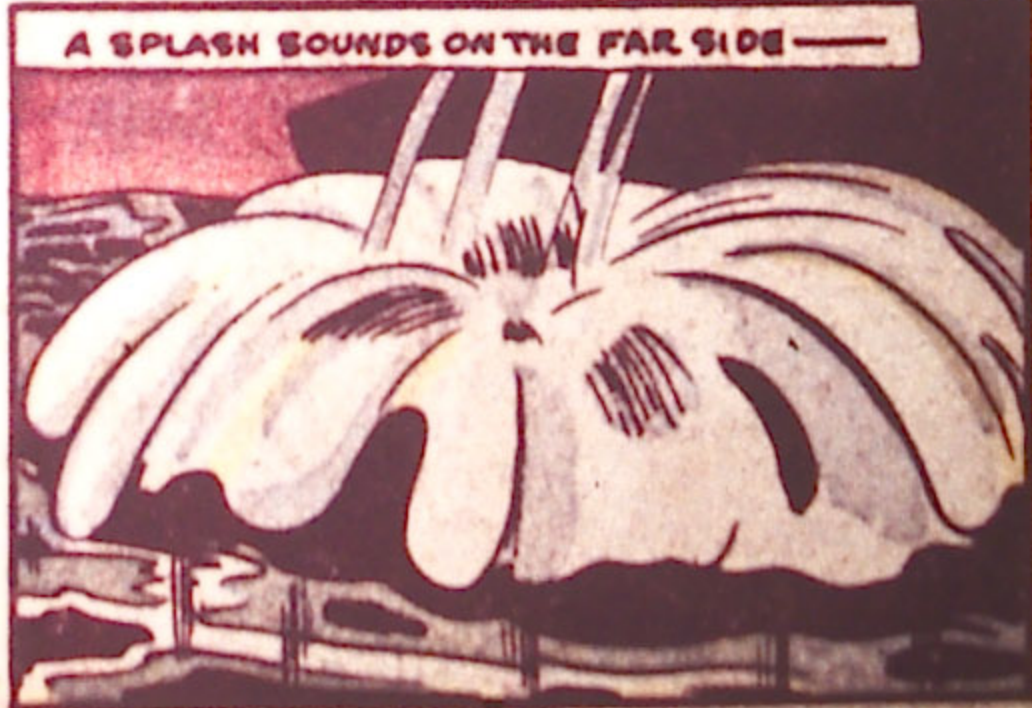


THE POLICE BOAT PULLS ALONGSIDE —

KEEP 'EM HIGH,
YOU RATS!



A SPLASH SOUNDS ON THE FAR SIDE —



HEY CHIEF, ONE
OF 'EM TOOK IT
OVER THE SIDE.

WELL, PICK HIM OFF
WHEN HE COMES
UP.

ONLY A HAT BOBS ON THE SURFACE

COMMISSIONER
THIS IS INDEED
A SURPRISE! I
GUESS YOU'LL GET
THE HOT SEAT.

LET'S GET OUT
O' HERE.

JUST A MINUTE!
THE ACME BOOKS.
A NICE PIECE OF
EVIDENCE.

TWO OFFICERS PUT OUT AFTER THE CRIMSON.

SWIMMING UNDER WATER HE ELUDES THEM—

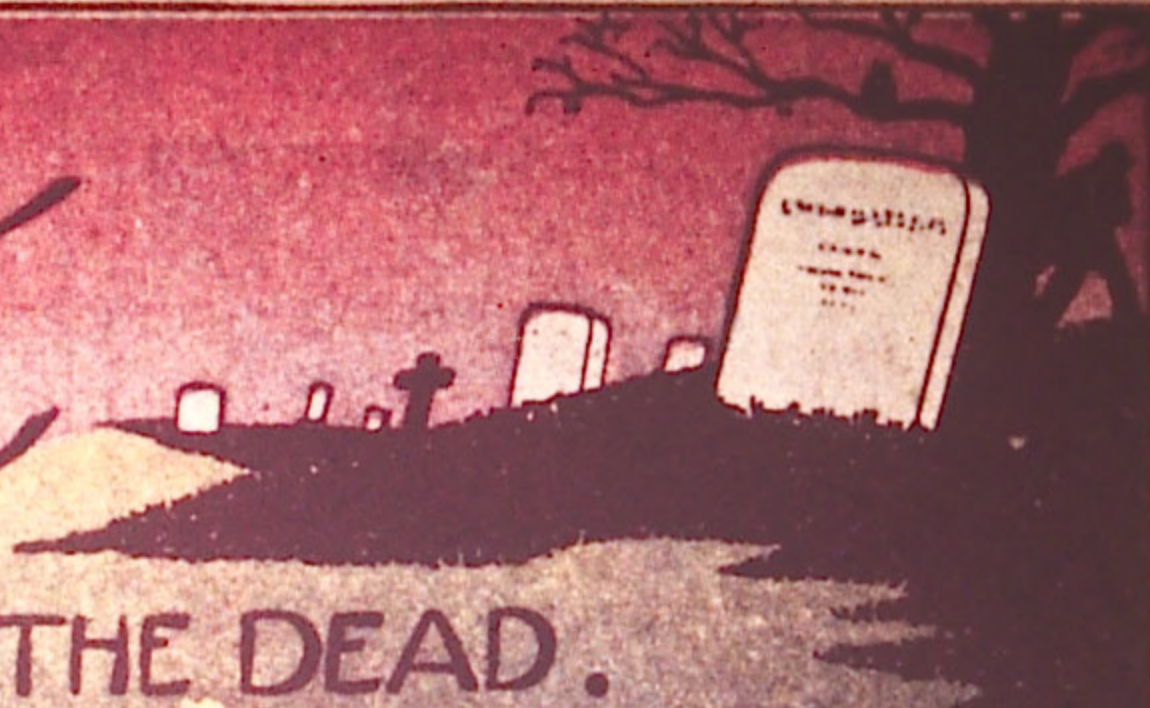
I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER.
ALMOST GOT ME.
ANYWAY THEY'LL SEND
THOSE GUYS UP FOR A
STRETCH. WHAT A
STORY!

IT WAS WELL
DONE, MR. TRAVIS.

DON'T MISS
THE NEXT
"CLEANUP"
BY THE
CRIMSON
AVENGER.

Bruce Nelson

IN BACK FROM THE DEAD.



THE WALL BETWEEN THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK AND THE ACME DRUG CO.



THE NEXT DAY IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

NELSON, THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK WAS ROBBED LAST NIGHT. IT'S THE SIXTH BANK ROBBERY IN THE LAST THREE MONTHS IN THESE PARTS. EACH ROBBERY HAS BEEN CONDUCTED IN THE SAME WAY. A HOLE WAS CUT IN THE WALL OF THE BANK FROM THE ADJOINING BUILDING.



ALL OF WHICH MEANS THE SAME GANG IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL SIX ROBBERIES. ALL WE KNOW ABOUT THEM IS THIS, THEIR LEADER IS A VERY SMART CROOK BY THE NAME OF JEFF VIRDONE. IT WILL TAKE AN EQUALLY CLEVER MAN TO TRAP HIM. THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN NELSON!



BACK IN NELSON'S APARTMENT.



IT WAS REPORTED THAT VIRDONE'S GANG WAS LAST SEEN IN THE VICINITY OF CARUEL. I'LL TAKE A SPYOUT THAT WAY, AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND.



WHAT A HICK TOWN! I WONDER IF I CAN FIND THE POLICE STATION? IT'S PROBABLY IN WITH THE FEEDSTONE.



HERE IT IS — HI YA CAP! IS THE CHIEF ABOUT?

NELSON MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE CARUEL CHIEF OF POLICE, FRANK HANSON. AS THEY WERE CHATTING, AN EXCITED POLICE OFFICER RUSHED IN.



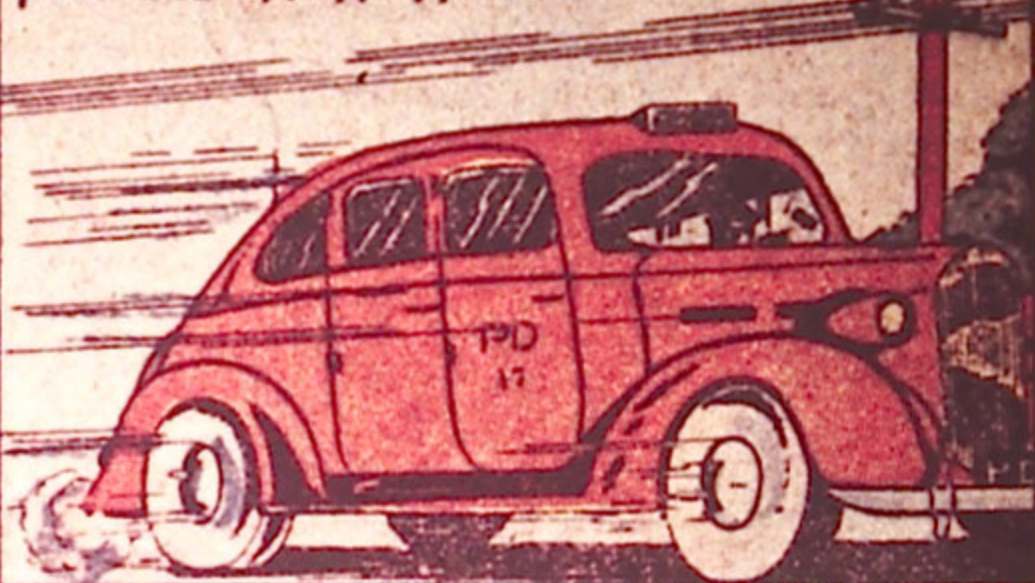
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, GROGAN?

IT'S VIRDONE!



I HAD JEFF VIRDONE BUT HE TRICKED ME AND GOT AWAY. I SAW THEIR CAR. THEY WENT OUT THE GARRET ROAD. MAYBE WE CAN STILL CATCH THEM IF WE GET RIGHT AFTER THEM!

NELSON, CHIEF HANSON AND GROGAN JUMPED IN A POLICE CAR AND SPED OUT THE GARRET ROAD. ON THE WAY GROGAN RECOUNTED WHAT HAD HAPPENED.



I WAS PATROLING MY BEAT ALONG RIVER STREET WHEN A FELLOW WITH A BLACK HAT CAME DOWN THE PORCH STEPS OF A HOUSE JUST AHEAD.



"AS HE PASSED, HIS HEAD WAS BOWED BUT I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIS FACE. IT LOOKED STRANGELY FAMILIAR."



I'VE GOT IT! — IT'S JEFF VIRDONE! I REMEMBER HIS PICTURE ON THAT POLICE BULLETIN.



HEY! — YOU!
JUST A MINUTE!

ARE YOU —
CALLING ME?



YES YOU! — YOU'RE
JEFF VIRDONE, AIN'T YA?

AM I? — WELL —
IT LOOKS AS IF YOU'VE GOT
ME. — YEP, I AM
JEFF VIRDONE!



IF YOU'RE PACKIN' A GUN, YOU
MIGHT AS WELL COME ACROSS.

I SEE YOU DON'T KNOW
VERY MUCH ABOUT ME.
GENTLEMAN JEFF VIRDONE
NEVER CARRIES A GUN.



YEH, I'VE HEARD ABOUT THAT BUT I DON'T TRUST YOU GUYS.



ALL RIGHT, COME ON,
GET GOING, DOWN TO
HEADQUARTERS WITH YOU!

JUST A MINUTE OFFICER.
I WONDER IF I COULD
APPEAL TO YOUR
SENTIMENTAL
SIDE?



WHAT ARE YA
'DRIVIN' AT?

I'M CAUGHT. THE JIG'S UP. I'LL
PROBABLY NOT SEE MY FAMILY
AGAIN. I WONDER IF
YOU'LL JUST LET ME
SAY GOOD BYE TO THEM?



AND HAVE YOU PULL A FAST ONE ON ME? — WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, NUTS?

I GIVE YOU MY WORD OF HONOR I WON'T PULL ANYTHING. THEY ARE IN THAT HOUSE YOU JUST SAW ME COME OUT OF. JUST LET ME BID THEM GOOD BYE AND I'LL PROMISE TO COME ALONG PEACEFULLY.



AS YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD, WHEN GENTLEMAN JEFF GIVES HIS WORD OF HONOR YOU CAN DEPEND ON IT — HOW ABOUT IT?

WELL-L, ALL RIGHT UIRDONE. REMEMBER, YOU'VE GIVEN ME YOUR WORD. AND I'M WATCHIN' YOU LIKE A HAWK AND MY TRIGGER FINGER IS ITCHIN', SO, FOR YOUR OWN HEALTH, DON'T TRY TO PULL ANYTHING.



"WE ENTERED A RATHER DILAPIDATED HOUSE AND WENT DOWN A SHORT HALL, THEN TURNED INTO THE PARLOR."



"I HAD JUST STEPPED INSIDE THE ROOM, WHEN I SENSED SOMETHING BEHIND ME. I TURNED, BUT I WAS TOO LATE."



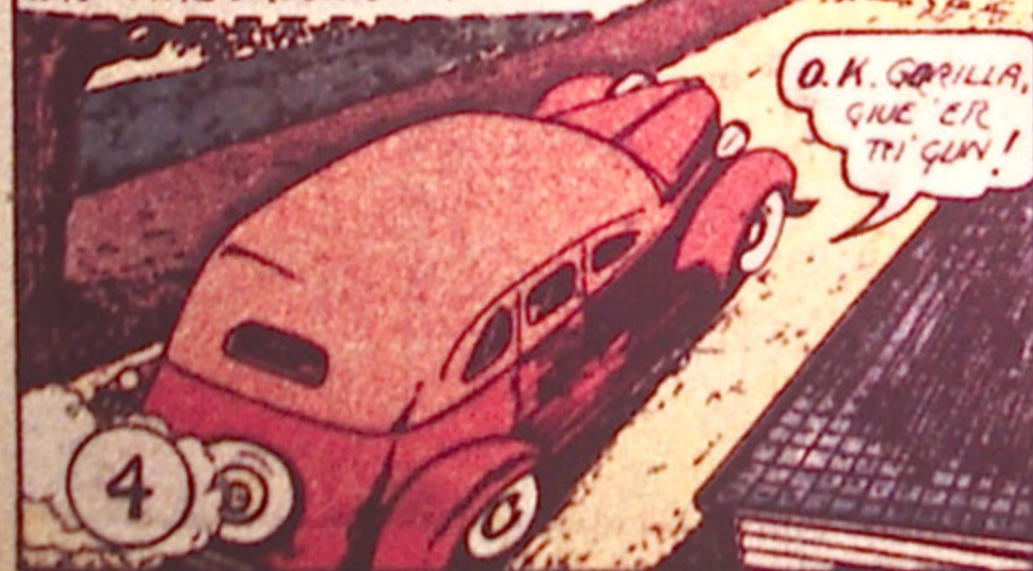
"ONE OF UIRDONE'S GANG SLUGGED ME WITH A BLACK JACK AND ANOTHER KNOCKED MY GUN FROM MY HAND."



"LUCKILY IN TURNING I TWISTED MY HEAD SO I DIDN'T GET THE FULL FORCE OF THE BLOW. I WAS ONLY STUNNED MOMENTARILY."



"BUT BEFORE I COULD RECOVER MY SENSES THEY HAD BEAT IT OUT THE BACK DOOR AND JUMPED INTO A CAR THAT WAS IN THE DRIVEWAY."



"I GOT TO THE WINDOW IN TIME TO SEE THEM HEADING OUT THE GARRET ROAD."



GROGAN, LETTING THAT MAN GO BACK TO THAT HOUSE WAS ABOUT THE CRAZIEST THING I EVER HEARD OF!



DON'T RUB IT IN CHIEF, I KNOW I'M THE PRIZE DOPE OF THE UNIVERSE.

GIVE IT ALL SHE'S GOT MEARS. THEY'VE GOT A TWENTY MINUTE START ON US.



AFTER THEY HAD GONE ABOUT FIFTEEN MILES OUT THE GARRET HIGHWAY, NELSON'S KEEN EYES SPOTTED A CAR ANSWERING GROGAN'S DESCRIPTION, GOING DOWN A SIDEROAD LEADING OFF THE MAIN HIGHWAY.

GROGAN! LOOK! THAT CAR GOING DOWN THAT SIDEROAD! IS THAT IT?

THAT'S IT! THE SAME CAR! MICHIGAN PLATES AND ALL.



THEY ROARED DOWN THE BUMPY ROAD. THE POWERFUL POLICE CAR GAINING GRADUALLY ON THE SPEEDING-BANDIT CAR.



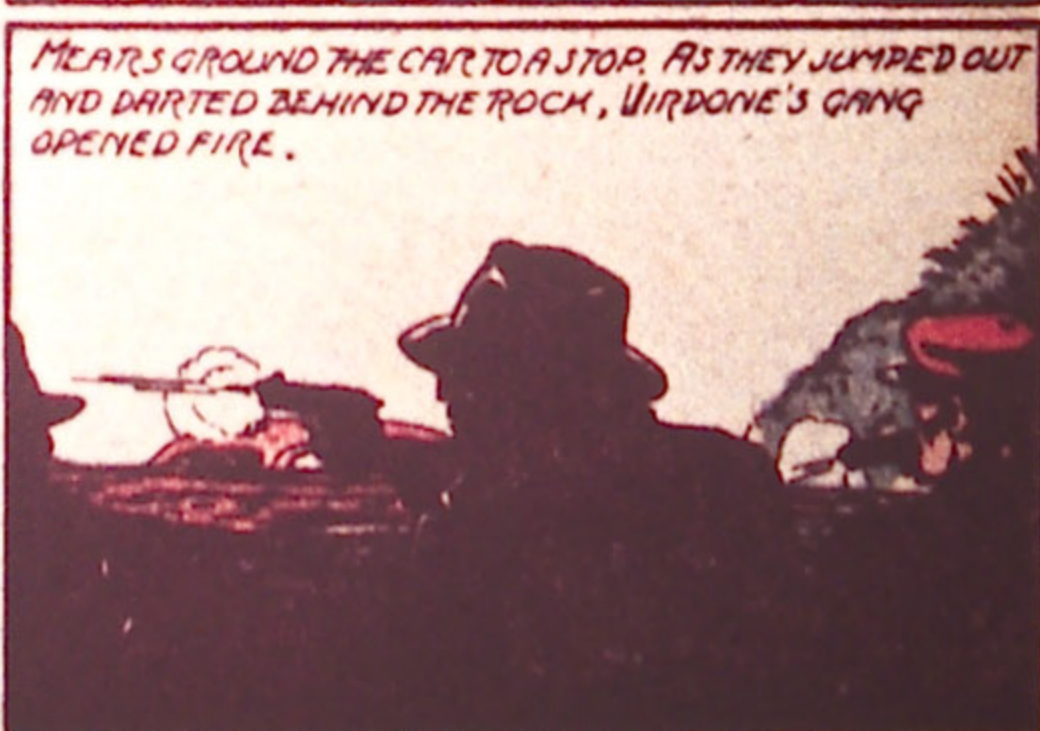
SUDDENLY THE BANDIT CAR SWERVED OFF THE ROAD AND STOPPED IN FRONT OF A PATCH OF WOODS. THEY LEAPED FROM THE CAR AND DROPPED BEHIND A LARGE FALLEN TREE.



WATCH IT! THEY'RE GOING TO OPEN FIRE! PULL OVER BY THAT BIG ROCK MEARS! WE'LL HAVE SOME PROTECTION THERE.



MEARS GROUND THE CAR TO A STOP. AS THEY JUMPED OUT AND DARTED BEHIND THE ROCK, WIRDONE'S GANG OPENED FIRE.



CROUCHING BEHIND THE LARGE ROCK, NELSON AND THE THREE CARUEL OFFICERS RETURNED THE WITHERING FIRE.



A FURIOUS GUN BATTLE ENSUED, SO FURIOUS THAT JOE HAD FOUND ITS MARK.



FINALLY ONE OF THE BANDITS RAISED HIMSELF A LITTLE TOO FAR ABOVE THE TREE TRUNK. NELSON GREW A LINE ON HIM AND FIRED.



THE THUG WAS STRUCK SQUARELY BETWEEN THE EYES.



MEARS PEERED AROUND THE CORNER OF THE ROCK. THERE WAS A CRACK, HIS HAT FLEW OFF, BLOOD TRICKLED DOWN HIS FOREHEAD.



DID THEY GET YOU MEARS?

JUST CREASED ME A BIT. IT'S ONLY A FLESH WOUND. I'LL BE O. K.



CURSING IN A MONOTONE, MEARS WIPE OUT ANOTHER BANDIT WITH AN ACCURATE SHOT. THIS REDUCED THEIR RANKS TO TWO.



SUDDENLY THERE WAS A LULL IN THE SHOOTING. NELSON LOOKED OUT —

THEY'RE RUNNING FOR THE WOODS MEN. DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY THIS TIME!



CONTINUED
Tom Hickey

Buck MARSHALL

RANGE DETECTIVE

BY
H. FLEMING

TRAIL OF PAPER

ONE MORNING IN THE EARLY FALL BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE DETECTIVE, SWINGS UP THE MAIN STREET OF SAGE CITY, ON HIS WAY TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

HE STOPS HIS BRONCHO IN A CLOUD OF DUST, SLIDES TO THE GROUND AND TIES THE REINS TO THE HITCH RAIL.....

LOOKS LIKE THE SHERIFF MIGHT HAVE A CALLER THIS MORNING. PEPPER - HE'S COMING OUT NOW - LOOKS LIKE HE MIGHT BE A PROSPECTOR.



THE MAN APPEARS TO BE IN AN ILL-HUMOR AS HE STAMPS OUT OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE - HE STOPS FOR A MOMENT TO SPEAK TO A PASSERBY.

I TELL YOU, JAKE, THE SHERIFF'S SLIPPIN' - THEY TOOK THAT DUST RIGHT FROM UNDER HIS NOSE.

YEH, WE GOTTA DO SOME TWIN'



BUCK VAULTS THE HITCH RAIL AND STRIDES INTO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

HELLO BUCK, I WAS JUST GOING TO WIRE YOU

HI, SHERIFF! WHAT'S THIS TALK ABOUT, A STICK-UP?



THE RAILROAD FREIGHT OFFICE WAS ROBBED YESTERDAY - THAT WAS GENE CARLEY THAT JUST LEFT - HE LOST A SHIPMENT OF GOLD - DUST - \$10,000 WORTH - IT'S INSURED THOUGH

ANYBODY HURT?



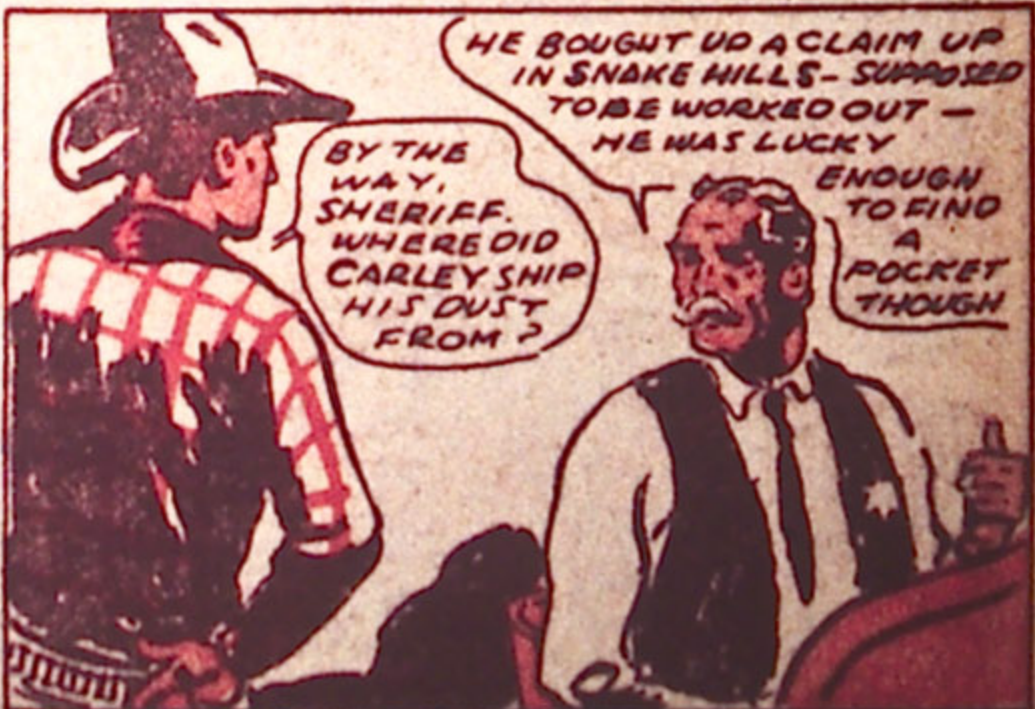
YES, THE FREIGHT AGENT, BILL BRIGGS - GOT A SLUG IN HIS BACK - HE'LL BE LAID UP FOR SOME TIME AT HOME -

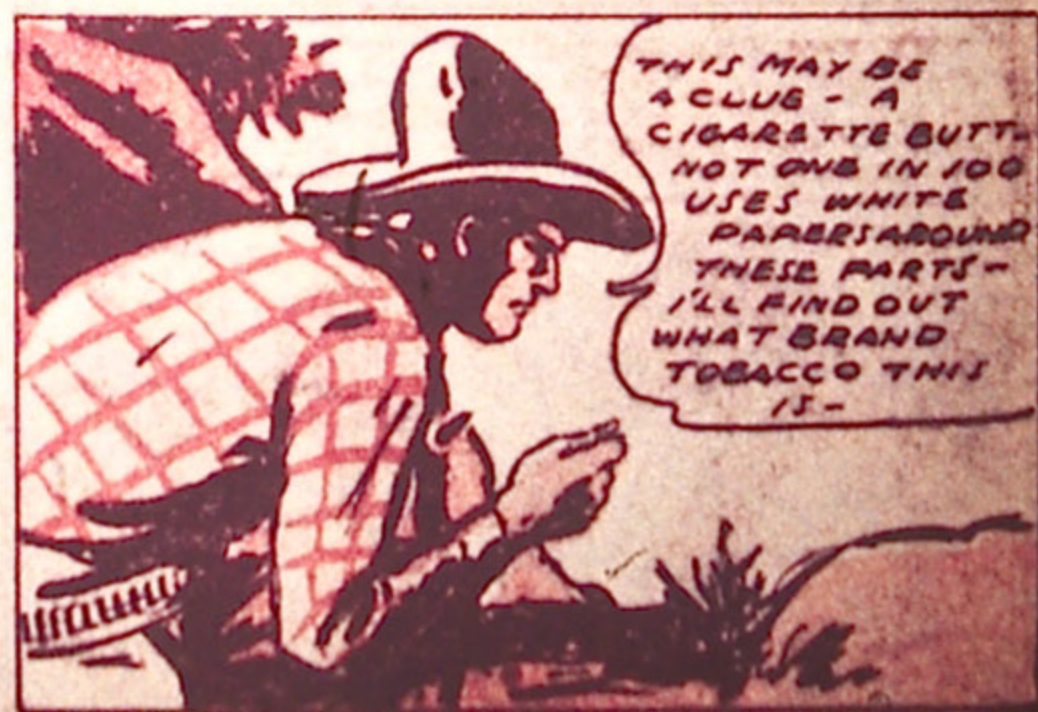
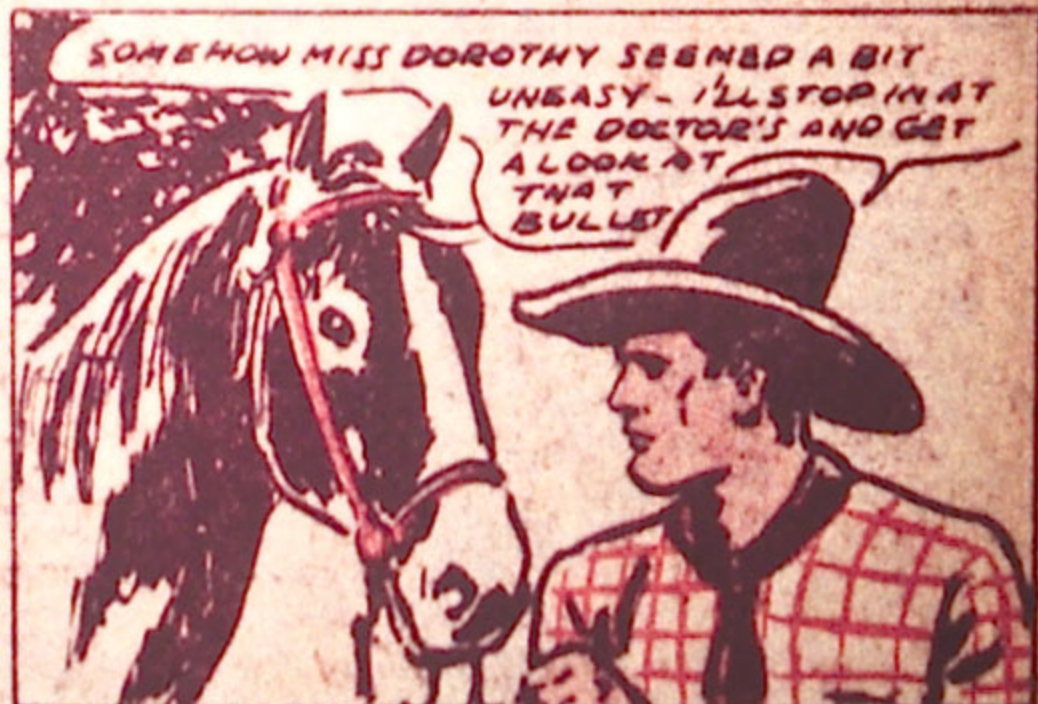
I'LL GO AROUND AND SEE BRIGGS AND PICK UP SOME DETAILS

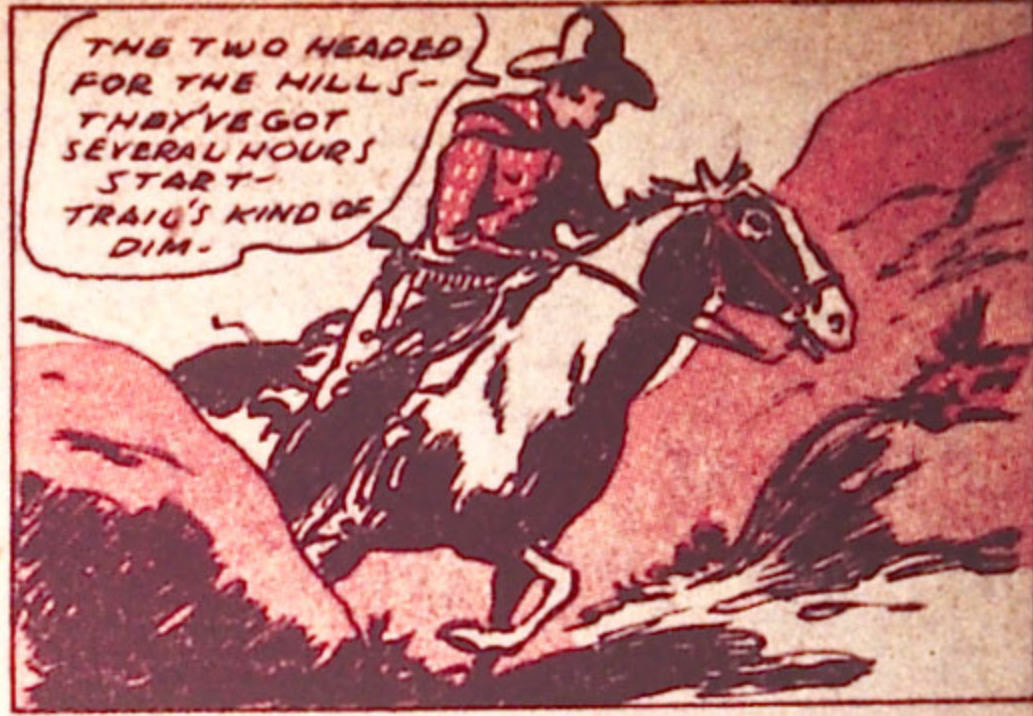


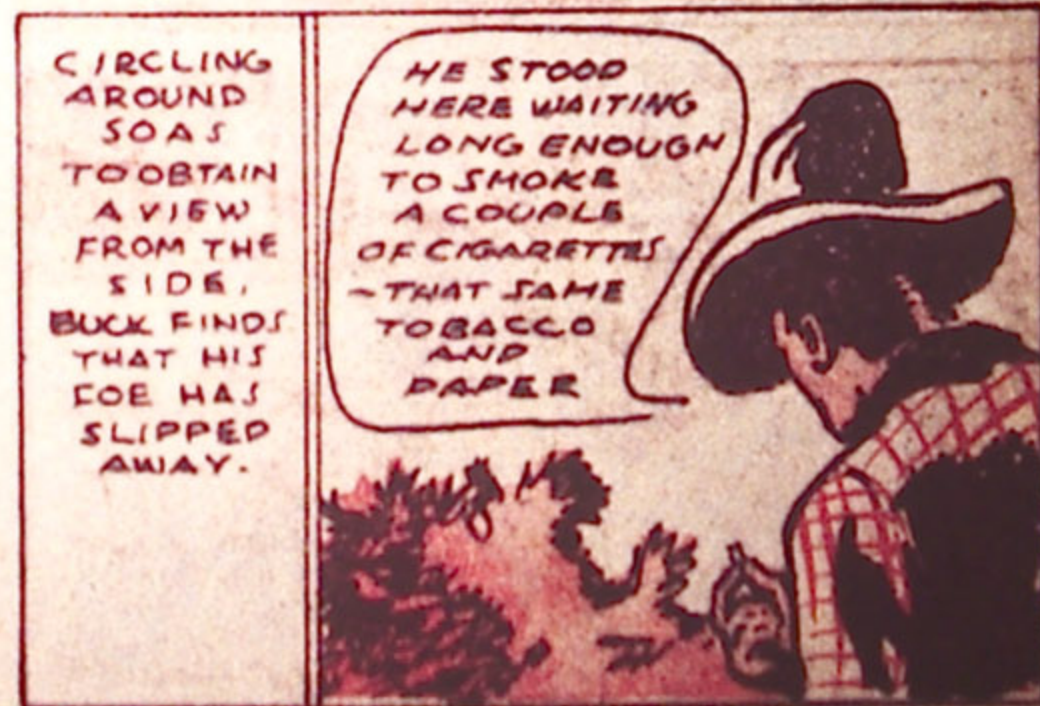
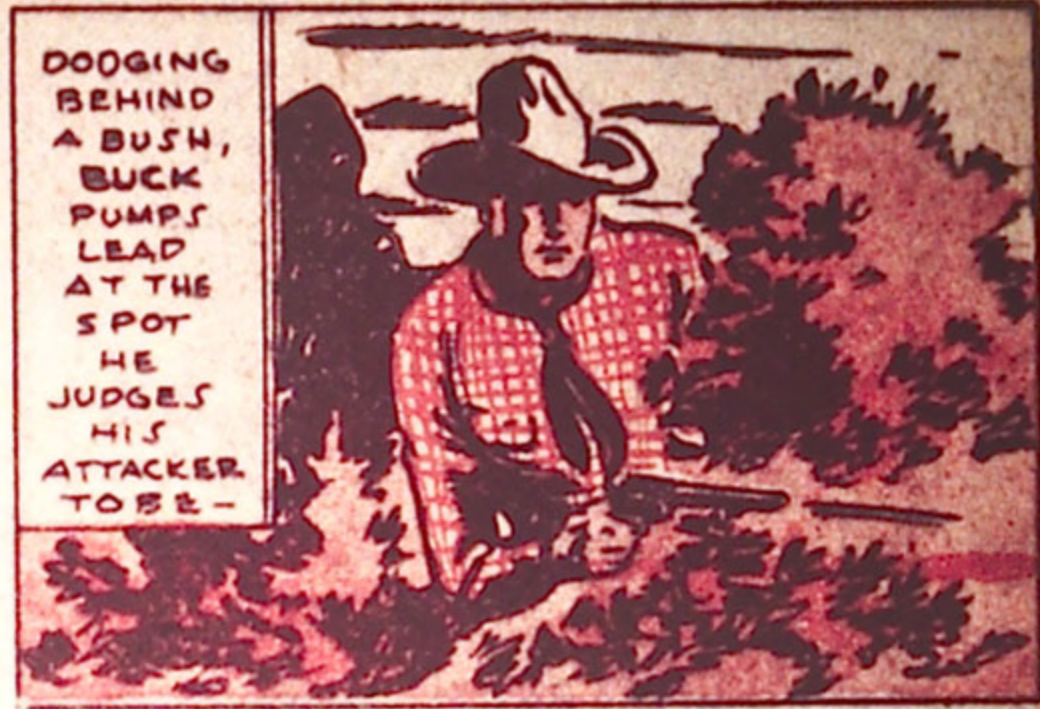
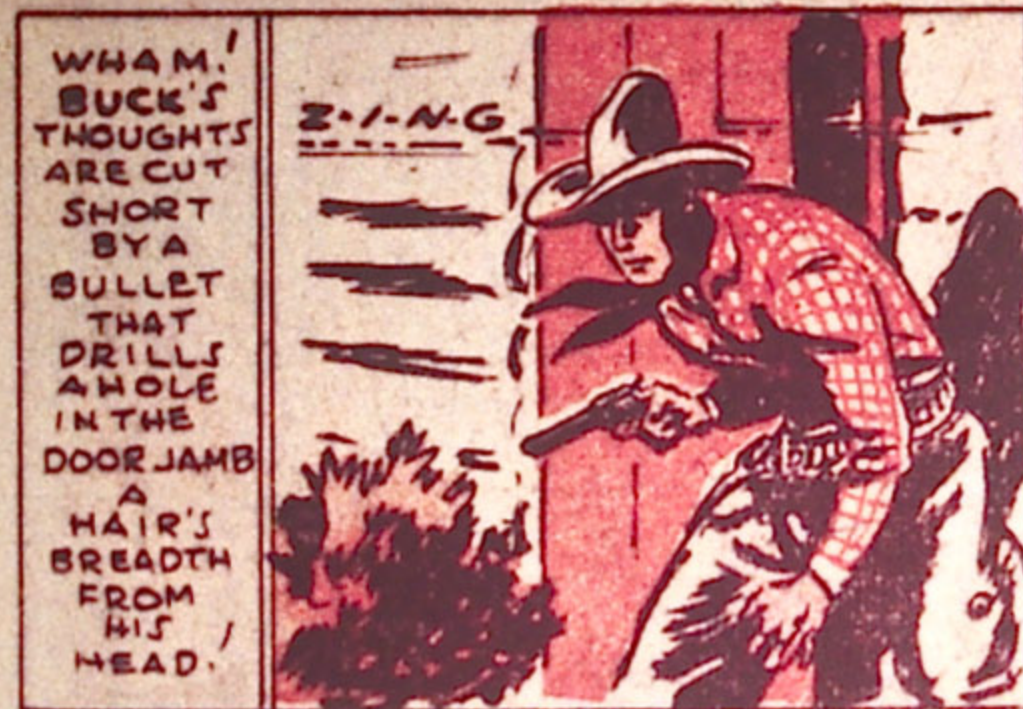
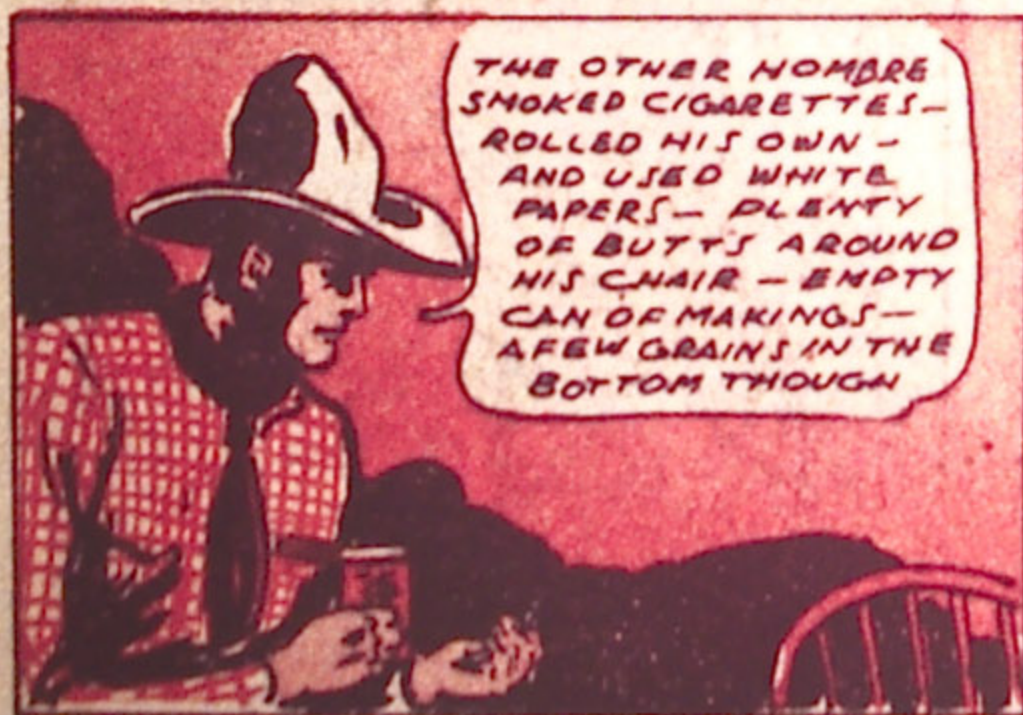
HE BOUGHT UP A CLAIM UP IN SNAKE HILLS - SUPPOSED TO BE WORKED OUT - HE WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO FIND A POCKET THOUGH

BY THE WAY, SHERIFF, WHERE DID CARLEY SHIP HIS DUST FROM?

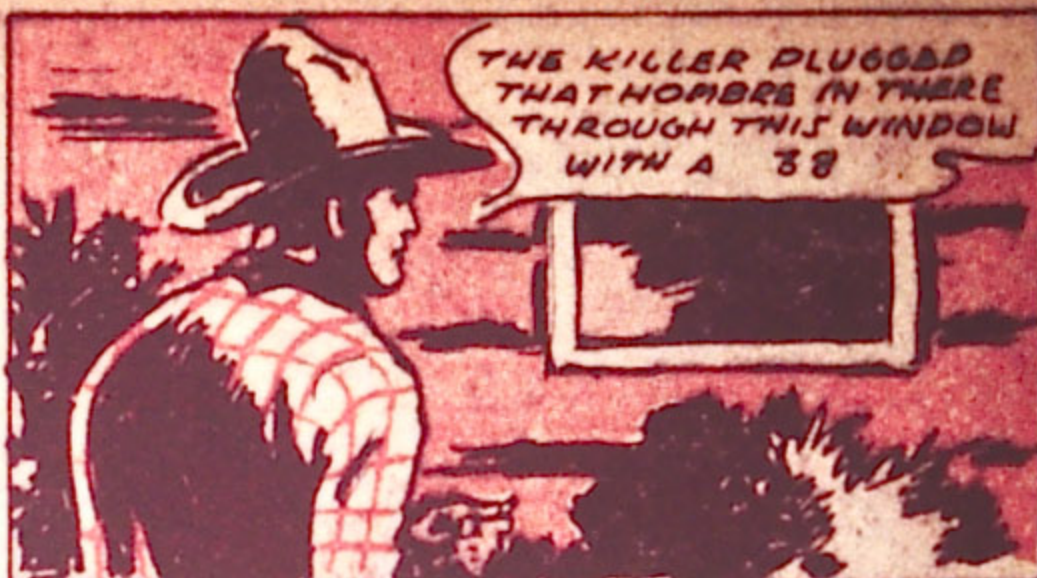






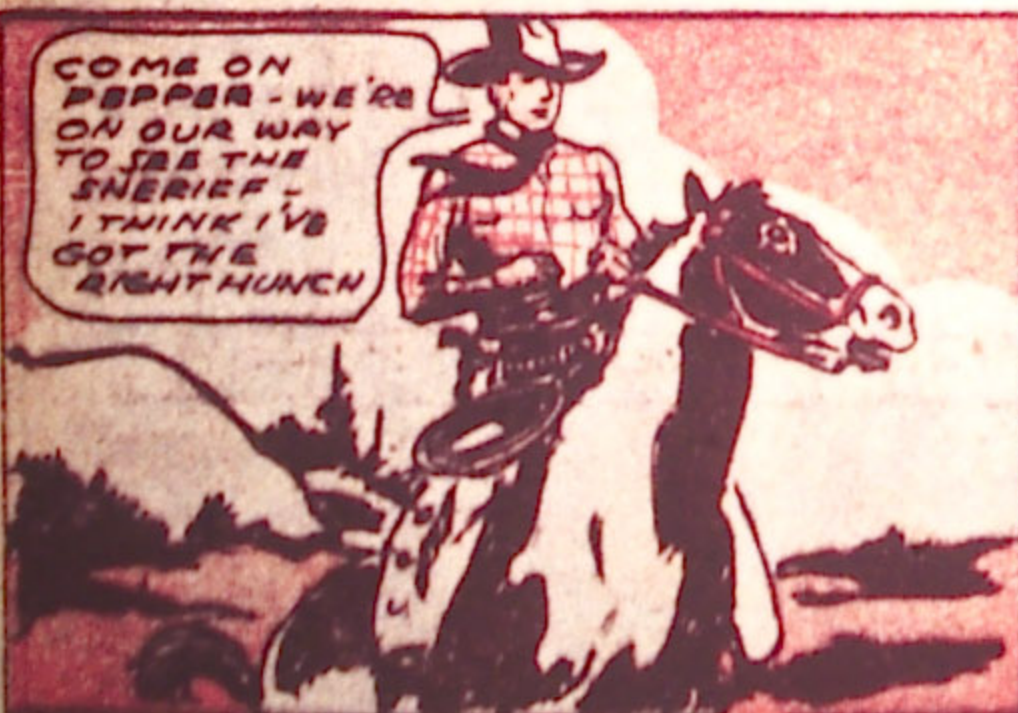


TRACING THE
FELLOW
WAS
ENOUGH
TO BEEL
CERTAIN
THAT
HE HAS
LEFT.
BUCK
GOES
BACK TO
THE
CABIN
AND DIGS
OUT THE
BULLET
FROM THE
DOOR JAMB



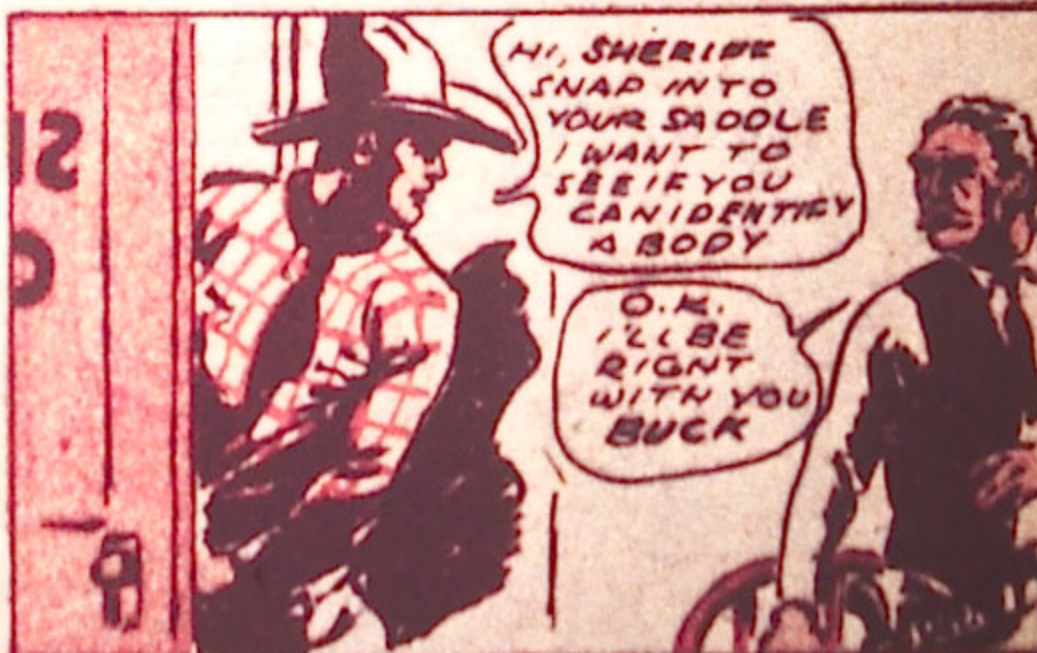
LOOKING AROUND OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, BUCK
FINDS FOOT PRINTS AND AN EMPTY SHELL -

COME ON
PEPPER - WE'RE
ON OUR WAY
TO SEE THE
SHERIFF -
I THINK I'VE
GOT THE
RIGHT HUNCH

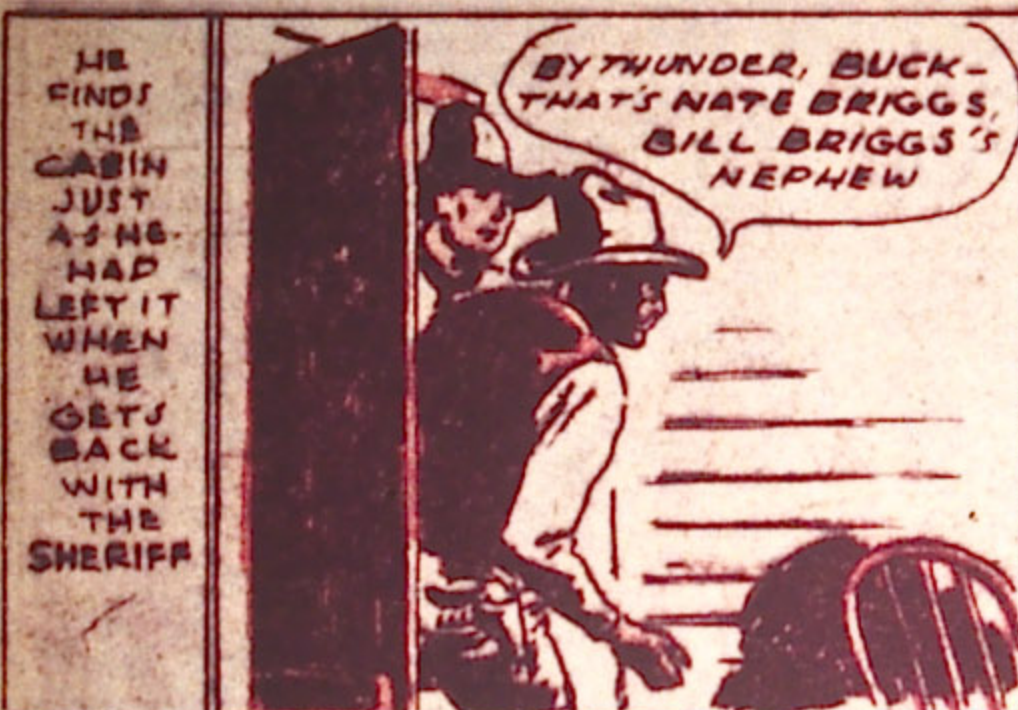


HI, SHERIFF
SNAP INTO
YOUR SADDLE
I WANT TO
SEE IF YOU
CAN IDENTIFY
A BODY

O.K.
I'LL BE
RIGHT
WITH YOU
BUCK

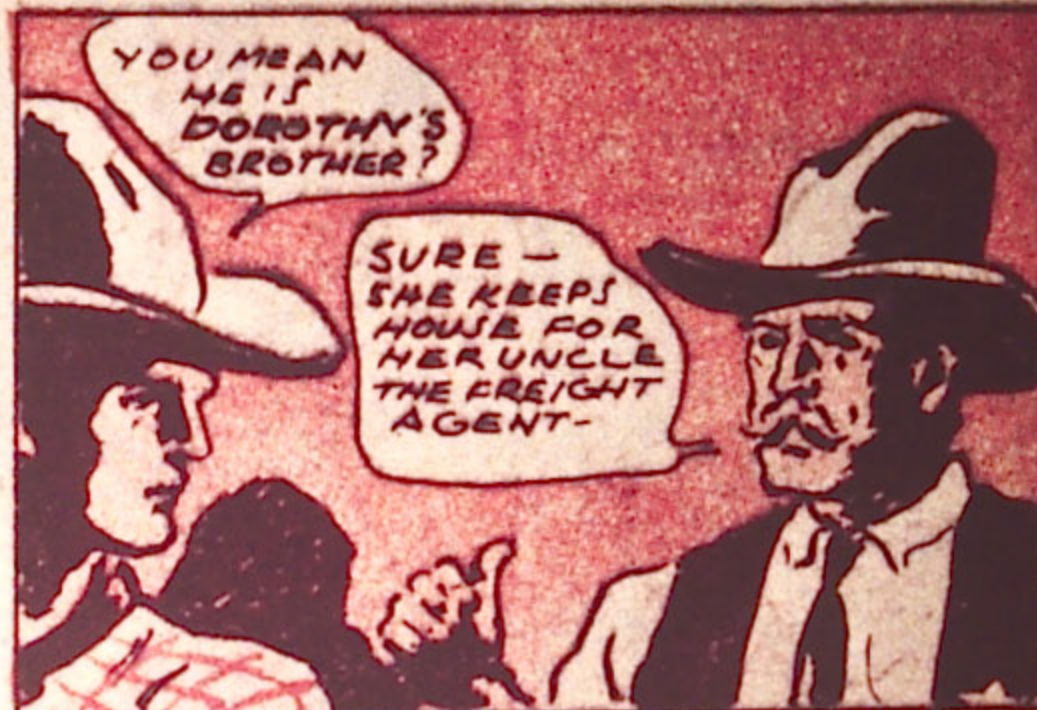


HE
FINDS
THE
CABIN
JUST
AS HE
HAD
LEFT IT
WHEN
HE
GETS
BACK
WITH
THE
SHERIFF



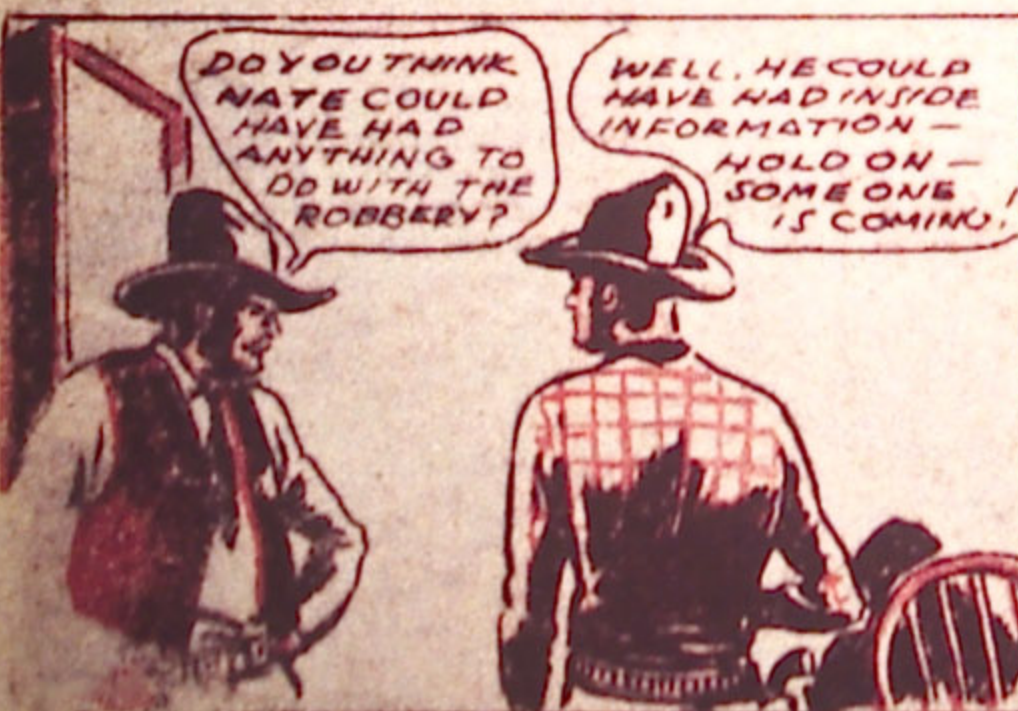
YOU MEAN
HE IS
DOROTHY'S
BROTHER?

SURE -
SHE KEEPS
HOUSE FOR
HER UNCLE
THE FREIGHT
AGENT -



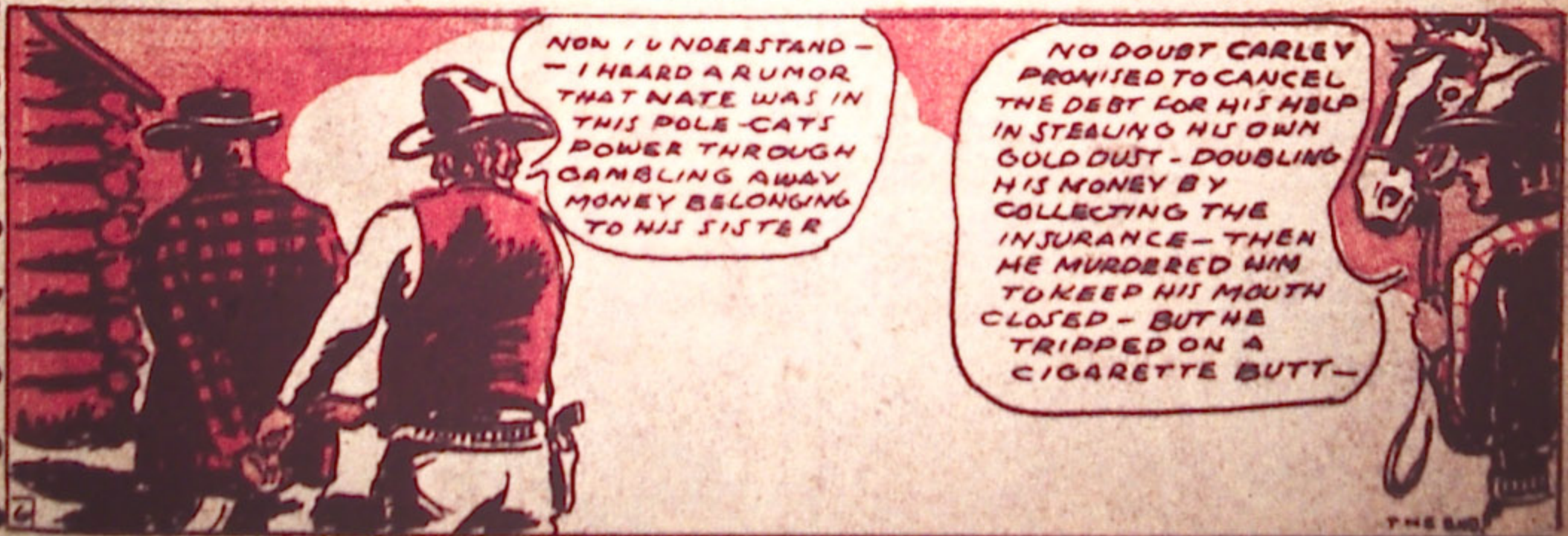
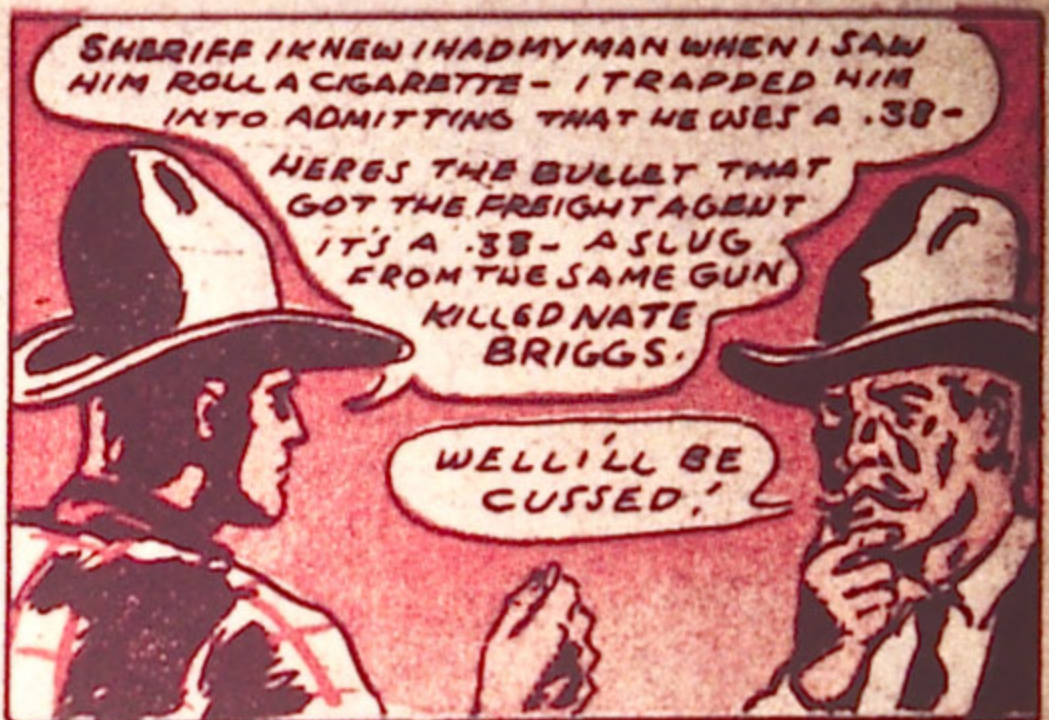
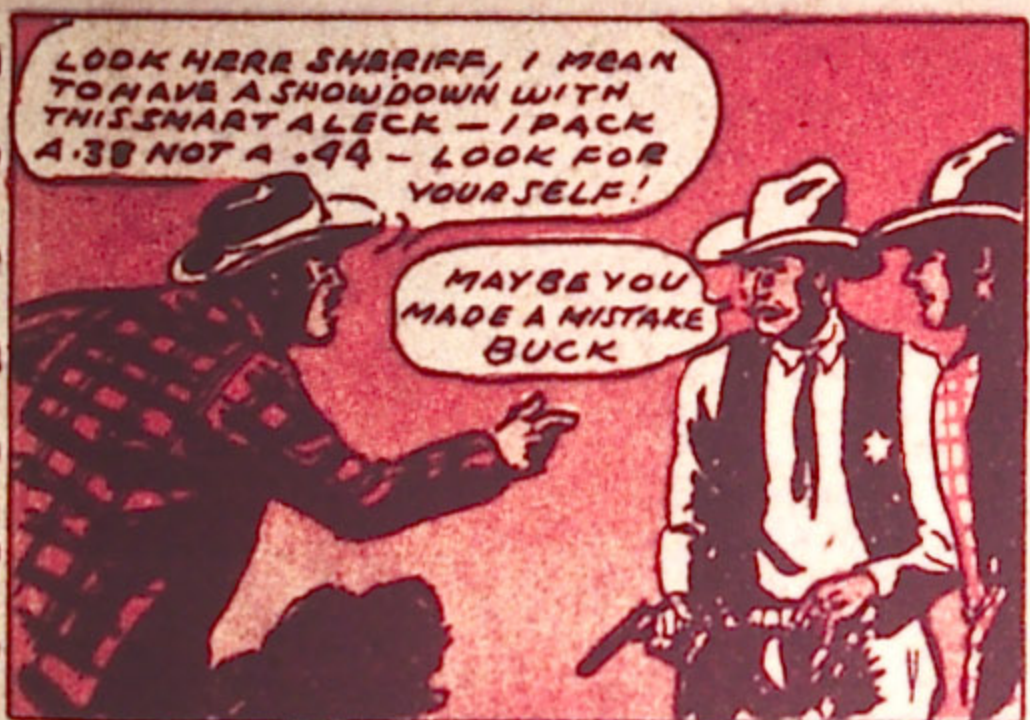
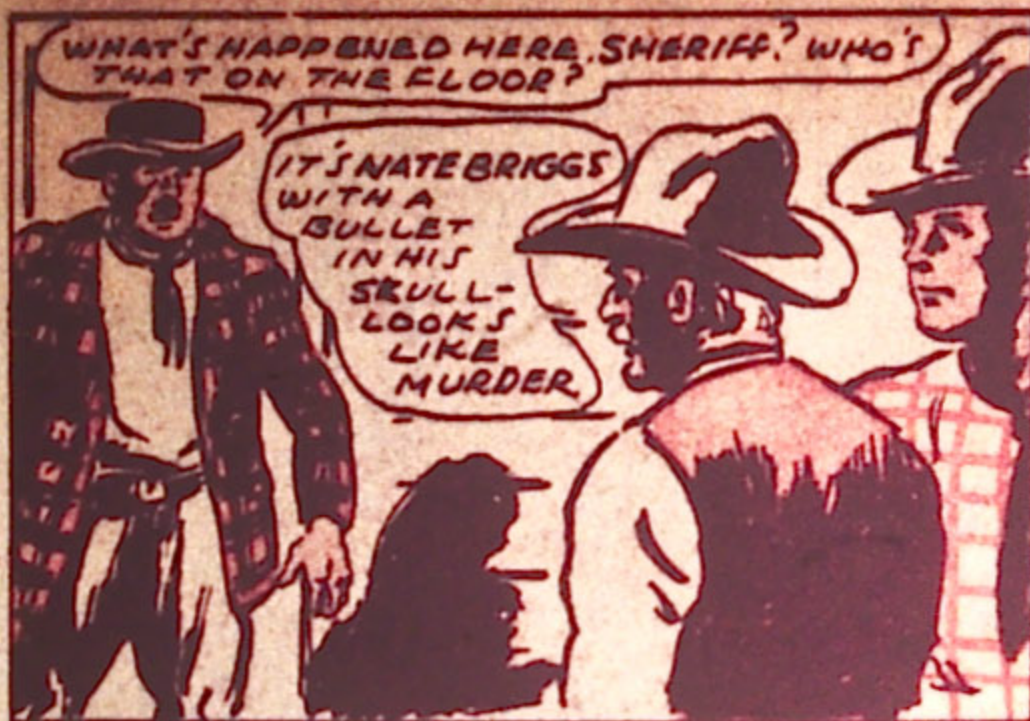
DO YOU THINK
NATE COULD
HAVE HAD
ANYTHING TO
DO WITH THE
ROBBERY?

WELL, HE COULD
HAVE HAD INSIDE
INFORMATION -
HOLD ON -
SOMEONE
IS COMING!



IT'S GENE CARLEY
THIS CABIN
IS ON HIS
HOLDINGS





SLAM BRADLEY

TOGETHER WITH PROFESSOR KENTON, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN HAVE TRAVELED TO THE YEAR 2 BILLION A. D. ! WHILE THE PROFESSOR IS PURSUED BY A CARNIVOROUS BEAST, SLAM AND SHORTY ARE TRANSPORTED TO A WEIRD FUTURISTIC CITY BY THREE CRIMINALS WHO WISH TO ESCAPE INTO THE PAST, IN THE TIME-MACHINE. WHEN SHORTY AND SLAM SEEK TO FOLLOW THEM TO SAFETY, SHORTY IS KILLED BY THE FLOWER-DEATH. . . . POLICE-GUARDS, RUSHING THE TIME-TRAVELERS TO THE LIFE-WARD, LOSE CONTROL OF THEIR VEHICLE !



THE BRAKES ! THEY'VE SNAPPED !

UNLESS WE ESCAPE AT ONCE WE'RE DOOMED !

JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

ESCAPE ? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE ! THERE'S NO WAY TO LEAVE THE CAR !

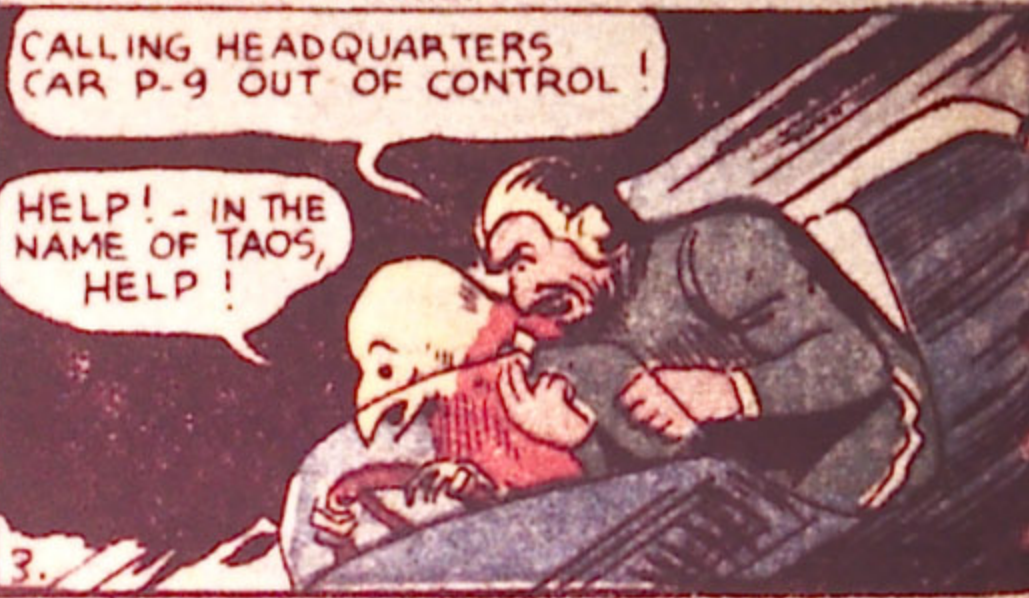


OUR TELEVISORS ! IF HEADQUARTERS SENDS HELP WE MAY YET ESCAPE CRASHING INTO THE METAL LANDING !

IN A CLASH OF FRANTIC VOICES, THE POLICE-GUARDS CALL HOARSELY FOR AID INTO SMALL INSTRUMENTS ATTACHED TO THEIR CHESTS .

CALLING HEADQUARTERS CAR P-9 OUT OF CONTROL !

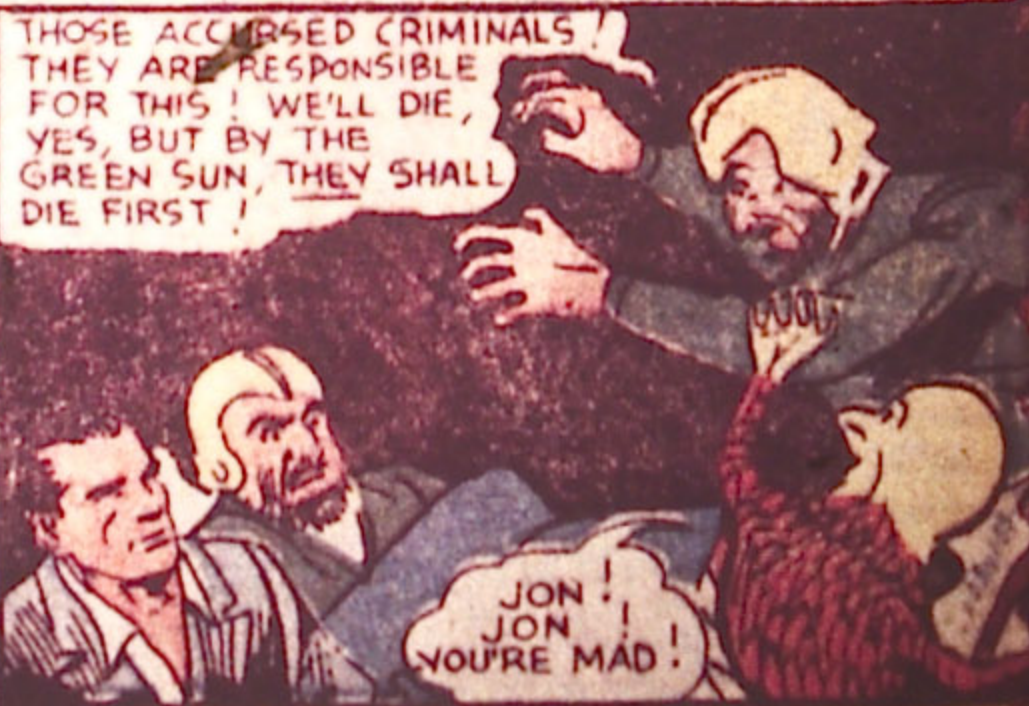
HELP ! - IN THE NAME OF TAOS, HELP !



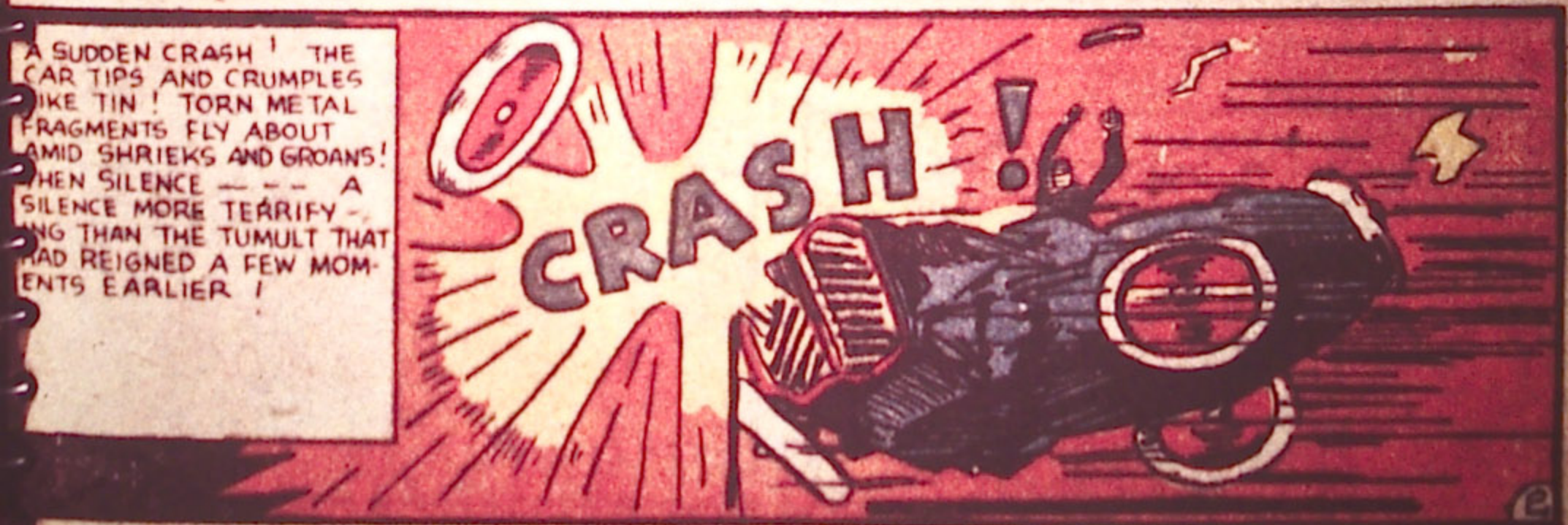
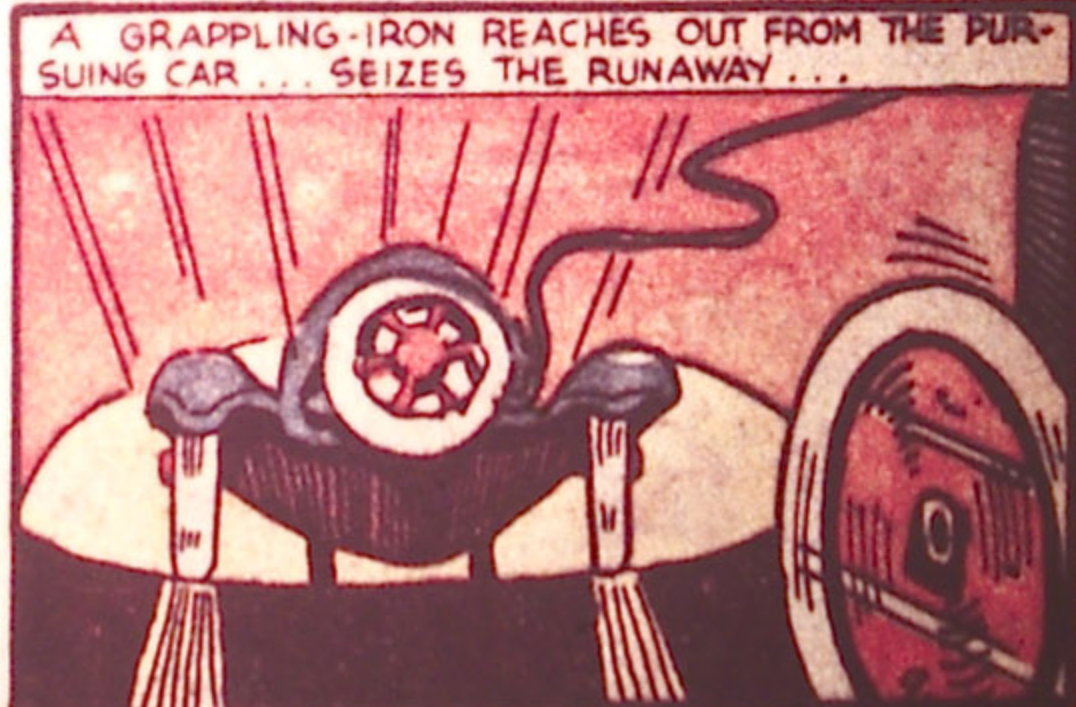
A PALL OF DEATH SEEMS TO HANG OVER THE HURLING, UNCONTROLLED CAR . . . DARKNESS CLOSES IN, IN ANTICIPATION OF IMMINENT DISASTER !



THOSE ACCUSED CRIMINALS ! THEY ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS ! WE'LL DIE, YES, BUT BY THE GREEN SUN, THEY SHALL DIE FIRST !



JON ! JON ! YOU'RE MAD !



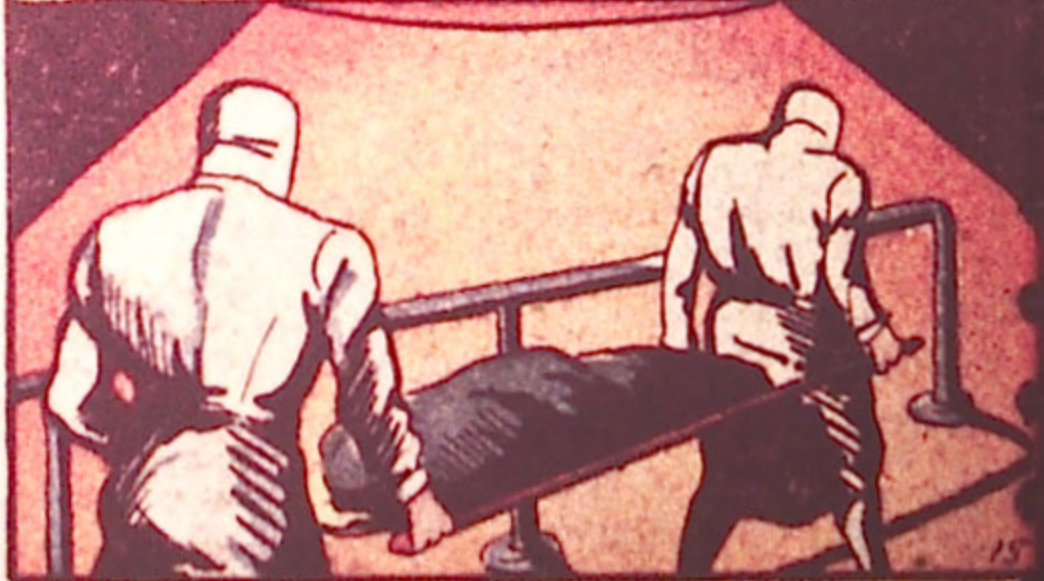


SLAM HAS A MOMENTARY GLIMPSE OF WHITE WALLS, SWINGING DOORS AND GLITTERING GLOBES. NEXT INSTANT HE AND THE OTHERS ARE DEPOSITED UPON A LONG OPERATING-TABLE.

A WHITE-ROBED ATTENDANT JABS SLAM AND SHORTY WITH A HYPODERMIC. MOVEMENT SEEPS BACK INTO BRADLEY....



MEANWHILE, A GROUP OF ATTENDANTS EXAMINE SHORTY THEN LIFT HIS BODY TO CARRY IT INTO ANOTHER ROOM....



WHERE ARE YOU TAKING SHORTY? PUT HIM DOWN!

WHAT GIBBERISH SPEAK YOU? GET BACK ON THAT TABLE!



I SEE! HE ISN'T WEARING THOUGHT-TRANSLATORS AND MY SPEECH IS UN-INTELLIGIBLE TO HIM!

AT THAT INSTANT AN ATTENDANT BURSTS IN FROM THE NEXT ROOM, BEARING THE THOUGHT-TRANSLATOR WHICH HAS BEEN ATTACHED TO SHORTY'S WRIST....



LOOK! ONE OF THE STOLEN TRANSLATORS!

BY TAOS! LOOK-- HE HAS ONE TOO!



BY MY OATH... YOU ARE RIGHT!

KNOW YOU, WHAT THIS MEANS? YOU MUST DIE AT THE HANDS OF "IRON FINGERS"

"IRON FINGERS" WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

GIVE ME THAT THOUGHT-TRANSLATOR!

HERE, TAKE IT!
I WANT NO PART
OF IT!

BUT IT IS EVIDENT FROM THE ATTENDANT'S RE-
ACTIONS THAT HE UNDERSTANDS SLAM'S WORDS.
ENCOURAGED, BRADLEY CONTINUES...

SHORTY AND I ARE TRAV-
ELERS FROM A PAST-ERA.
THESE TRANSLATORS WERE
GIVEN TO US BY THREE
CRIMINALS WHO TRANS-
PORTED US TO THIS CITY.
IT WAS THESE CRIMINALS
WHO KILLED SHORTY.

SHORTLY LATER SLAM FINDS HIMSELF IN THE
"CHAMBER OF LIFE" --- BEFORE HIM, UPON A
COT, LAYS THE STILL FIGURE OF SHORTY.

BUT IN A MOMENT A MIRACLE OCCURS ---
SHORTY'S EYE-LIDS FLICKER. HE SPEAKS!

I'M HUNGRY!

THE ATTENDANT DONS SLAM'S THOUGHT-
TRANSLATOR, AND SPEAKS...

DUNNO WHAT YOU'RE SAVIN',
WITHOUT THAT THOUGHT-
TRANSLATOR WHAT YOU
SAY SOUNDS LIKE A LOT
OF GIBBERISH TO
ME.

THE LISTENING ASSISTANT STARES AWE-STRUCK
AT SLAM, THEN MOTIONS HIM TO FOLLOW.
SLAM OBEYS.

AS ONE OF THE ATTENDANTS PRESSES A LEVER,
A MOTOR COMMENCES TO BUZZ AND PUMP...PUMP.

EXHAUSTED BY THE HORROR OF HIS EXPERIENCES,
SLAM SLIPS INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS!

LATER, SLAM REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND HIMSELF IN A CELL.

HEY! LEMME OUTTA HERE!
LEMME OUT BEFORE I GET
REALLY SORE!



YOU WANT ME TO
WALK IN FRONT
OF YOU? -
OKAY, BUT BE
CAREFUL
HOW YOU
HOLD THAT
TUBE BE-
HIND MY
BACK!

AN ELEVATOR-LIFT CARRY SLAM AND HIS CAPTOR
UP TO THE BUILDING'S ROOF....

DON'T KNOW WHERE
WE'RE GOIN' BUT I
HAVEN'T MUCH TO SAY
ABOUT IT!



... WHERE THEY FIND A TRIM, METAL CRAFT
AWAITING THEM.

LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA
BE TAKEN FOR A RIDE.
HOPE I COME BACK!



A MOMENT LATER THE VESSEL SHOOTS OFF THE
ROOF IN A VAST CURVE...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER IT PAUSES OVER ITS
DESTINATION, ANOTHER BUILDING, REMAINING
ABSOLUTELY MOTIONLESS IN MID-AIR....



... THEN SLOWLY DESCENDED TO THE ROOF.

NOW WHAT?



AN INSTANT LATER SLAM IS SHOVED INTO AN
OPENING IN THE ROOF.



HELP!
I'M
FALLING!

BUT INSTEAD OF FALLING TO HIS DEATH, SLAM FLOATS DOWN SLOWLY, AS THO THRU A JELLY-LIKE SUBSTANCE . . .



THE COMPANY HALTS. THE LEADER DRAWS ASIDE A CRIMSON CURTAIN, AND MOTIONS FOR SLAM TO STEP THRU, ALONE . . .



THE HUMAN-BEING ADDRESSES A NUMBER OF UN-INTELLIGIBLE WORDS TO SLAM WHO MERELY SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS.



HE LANDS UNHURT, UPON A PLATFORM BELOW, THEN CONTINUES ALONG A WINDING CORRIDOR, IN THE MIDST OF A COMPANY OF ARMED GUARDS

SOMEHOW THIS REMINDS ME OF A FIRING-SQUAD !



AS SLAM STEPS THRU THE CURTAIN, HE FINDS HIMSELF BEFORE A HUMAN BEING SEATED ON A THRONE . . .

SO THIS IS THE BIG-MAN AROUND HERE !



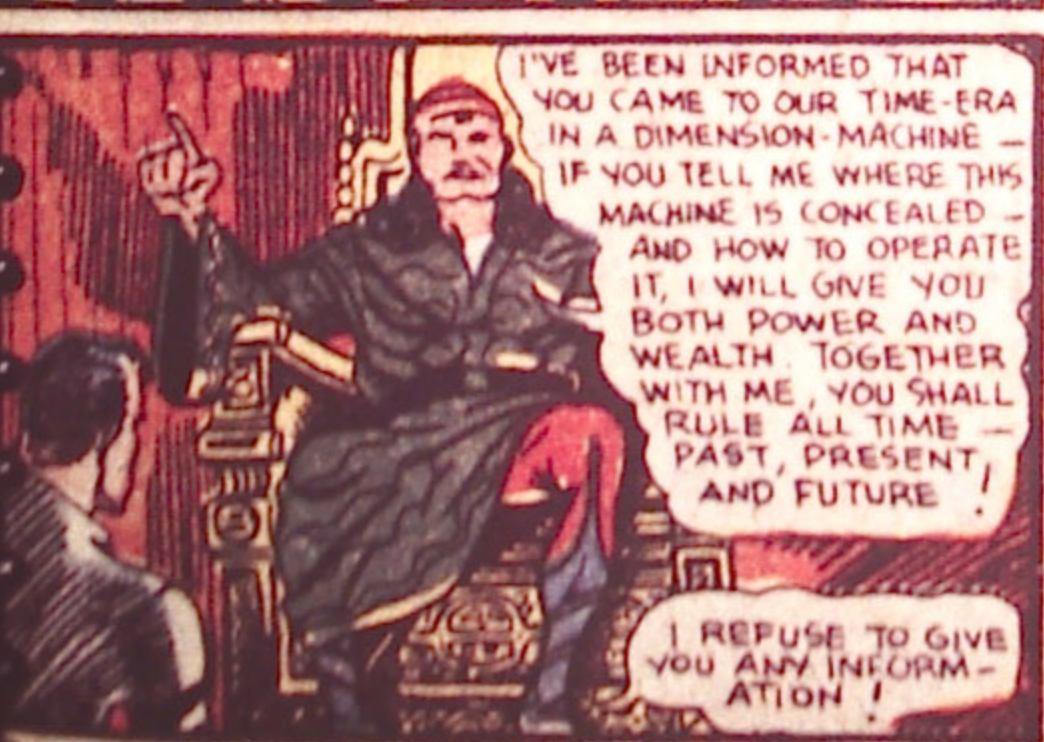
AT THE HUMAN-BEING'S COMMAND, THOUGHT-TRANS-LATORS ARE STRAPPED TO THE WRISTS OF BOTH SLAM AND HIMSELF. NOW, THE WORDS OF EACH ARE UNDERSTOOD BY THE OTHER.

YOU WOULD LIKE TO LIVE, WOULDN'T YOU ?

OF COURSE. BUT WHAT'S YOUR PROPOSITION ?



I'VE BEEN INFORMED THAT YOU CAME TO OUR TIME-ERA IN A DIMENSION-MACHINE — IF YOU TELL ME WHERE THIS MACHINE IS CONCEALED — AND HOW TO OPERATE IT, I WILL GIVE YOU BOTH POWER AND WEALTH. TOGETHER WITH ME, YOU SHALL RULE ALL TIME — PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE !



I REFUSE TO GIVE YOU ANY INFORMATION !

FOOL ! — TAKE HIM AWAY, GUARDS ! IT WILL BE FINE SPORT TO WATCH "IRON-FINGERS", PLUCK HIM TO PIECES



LATER -- WHEN SLAM RE-ENTERS HIS CELL, HE FINDS SHORTY AWAITING HIM.

SLAM! - GOSH!
IS IT SWELL
TO SEE
YOU AGAIN!

THAT GOES
DOUBLE
WITH
ME!

DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOU
WERE DEAD AND THEY
BROUGHT YOU BACK
TO LIFE?

NO FOOLIN' ?
WHEW!

ONE OF THE WHITE-
ROBED ATTENDANTS
GOT FRIENDLY WITH
ME AND SLIPPED THIS
TO ME ON THE SIDE.
WHAT IT IS, I
DON'T KNOW!

A
GLOBE!

DUCK IT! HERE COME THE
GUARDS AGAIN.

OKAY, WHO KNOWS
MAYBE IT WILL
COME IN HANDY,
YET!

IN RESPONSE TO THEIR GUARD'S GESTURES,
SLAM AND SHORTY FOLLOW THEM OUT OF THE CELL.

AND INTO A LARGE AMPHITHEATER.

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA
FURNISH SPORT FOR THE
CROWD - SORTA LIKE THE
COLLISEUM OF THE ROMANS.

HEY! WHAT IS
THIS?

BRING ON, "IRON-FINGERS"!

Horns blare and an entrance at the far end of the arena commences to open ---



A moment later a mountain of a man enters... he is truly of gigantic stature..



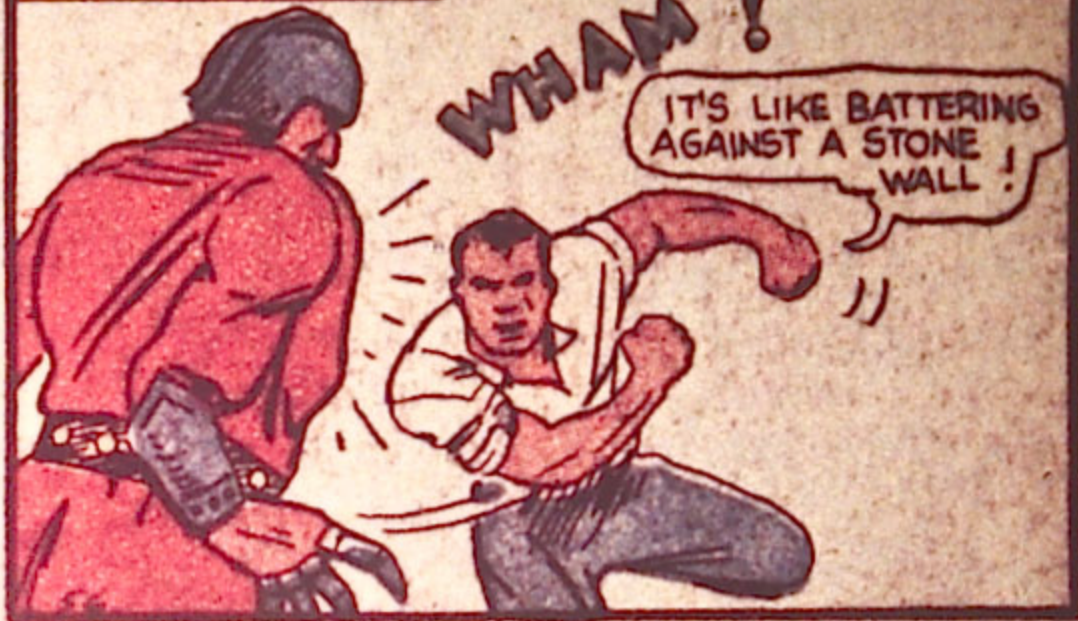
The reason for his name is obvious... his fingers have been removed and replaced by iron talons... in truth, he is a terrible fighting-machine....



"IRON-FINGERS" advances toward his intended victims, chuckling brutally....



Slam leaps upon "Iron-Fingers" with flailing futile blows...



Smiling, "Iron-Fingers" reaches down to crush the life out of Slam...



IN DESPERATION, SHORTY FLINGS HIS GLOBE AT "IRON-FINGERS"

IF ONLY DIZZY DEAN WAS HERE!



CRASH! - WITH A TINKLING SOUND, THE GLOBE SMASHES UPON THE GIANT'S BROW . . . !



AN INSTANT LATER A THIN FLUID, RELEASED GUSHES FORTH, SPREADING DOWN OVER "IRON-FINGERS" FEATURES . . .



ABRUPTLY, "IRON-FINGERS" SHRIEKS AND CLAPS AT HIS EYES! - THE FLUID WAS . . . ACID!!



DROPPING GLAM, THE PAIN-MADDENED CREATURE RUNS BLINDLY AMUCK . . . ALL IN ITS PATH FLEE FEARFULLY . . .



A HUGE LEAP BRINGS THE FRANTIC "IRON-FINGERS" ONTO THE HUMAN BEING'S PLATFORM - THE CROWD SHRIEKS UNHEEDED WARNINGS



ONE MAGNIFICENT SWEEP OF "IRON-FINGERS" SENDS THE HUMAN BEING'S GUARDS TUMBLING LIKE NINE-PINS.



AND IN ANOTHER INSTANT THE HUMAN BEING DIES AT "IRON-FINGERS" HANDS . . . CRUSHED LIKE AN EGG-SHELL . . . !



GOLLY! — DID I CAUSE ALL THAT?

IT WAS THAT GLOBE! — THE ATTENDANT MUST HAVE TAKEN PITY UPON YOUR PLIGHT!

SLAM AND SHORTY WHIRL TO FLEE BUT HALT...

IT'S NO USE! WE'RE SURROUNDED!

THEY'RE COMING FROM ALL DIRECTIONS!

HURRY! INTO THE SHIP!

IT'S THE CRIMINALS!

WHEW! ANOTHER INSTANT AND WE'D HAVE BEEN TORN TO BITS!

YOU SAID IT! BUT WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO NOW? THE WHOLE CITY'S ON OUR TRAIL!

"PLIGHT" IS RIGHT! LOOK! THE WHOLE MOB IS RUNNIN' TOWARD US! — THEY WANT TO GET EVEN WITH US FOR THE KILLING OF THEIR RULER!

JUST AS THE MOB IS ALMOST UPON SLAM AND SHORTY, THERE COMES AN INTERRUPTION! — DOWN FROM THE SKIES HURTTLES A HELICOPTER!

A SECOND LATER, SLAM AND SHORTY SAFELY WITHIN, THE SHIP STREAKS UP AGAIN INTO THE AIR...

WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND YOU! WE'LL JUST DO WHATEVER THEY DO!

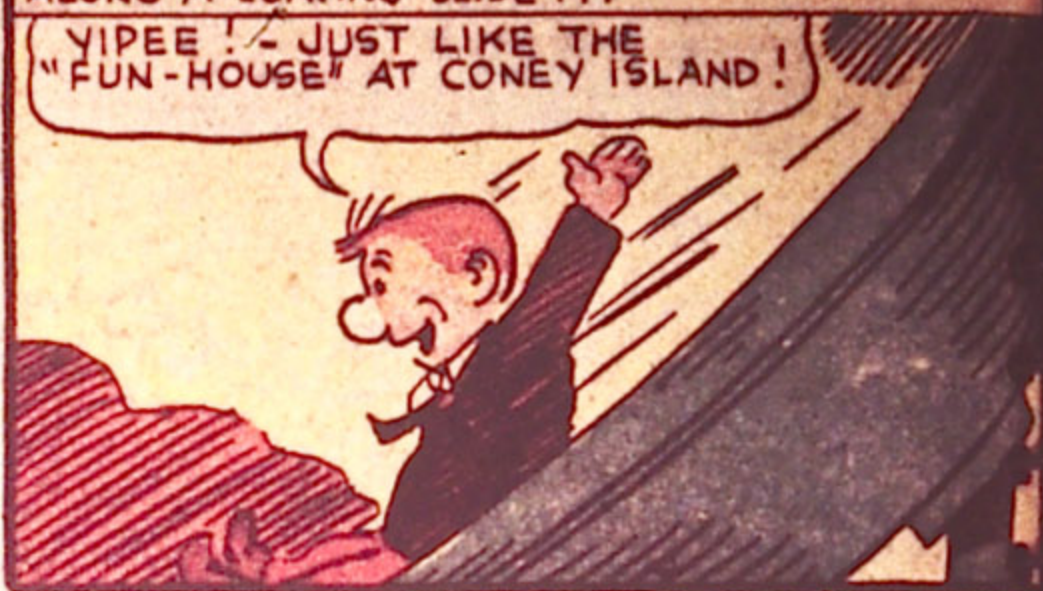
SHORTLY LATER... THE HELICOPTER SETTLES DOWN UPON A TOWERING BUILDING'S ROOF...

FOLLOW THEM!



THE ENTIRE PARTY LEAPS INTO AN OPENING IN THE ROOF... A MOMENT LATER THEY CATAPULT DOWN ALONG A CURVING SLIDE...

YIPPEE! - JUST LIKE THE "FUN-HOUSE" AT CONEY ISLAND!



THEY LAND IN A ROOM WITHIN WHICH THERE IS A HUGE VAULT. THE BIRD-MAN WHISTLES... AND THE VAULT-DOOR SWINGS OPEN IN RESPONSE!

IT MUST BE ACTIVATED BY SOUND-VIBRATION!

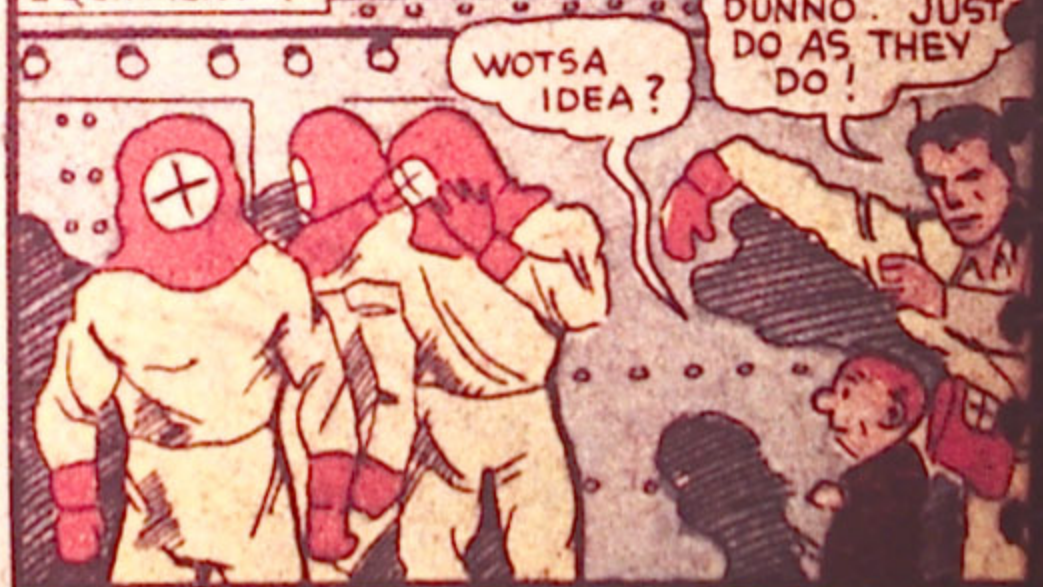
WOT TH'!



ENTERING THE VAULT, THE ENTIRE PARTY DONS ATTIRE WHICH RESEMBLES DEEP-SEA DIVING EQUIPMENT.

WOTSA IDEA?

DUNNO. JUST DO AS THEY DO!



SEIZING FAN-SHAPED WEAPONS THEY MAKE WAY TO THE ROOF.



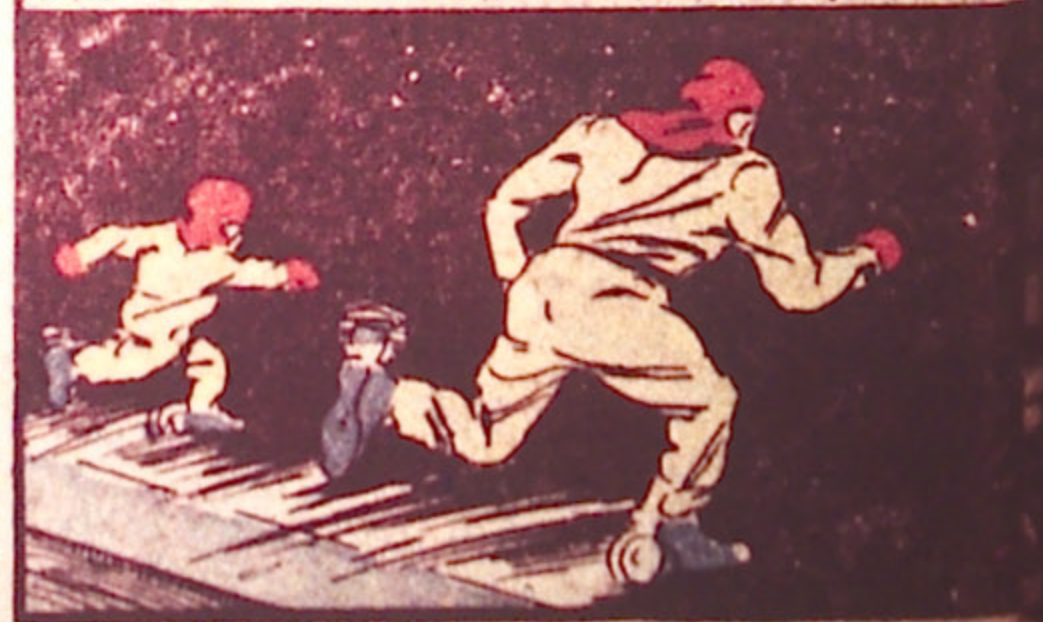
STOOPING OVER, THE FIGURES SLIP A SMALL LEV ON THEIR RUBBER SHOES -- TINY MOTORS ROAR OUT



NEXT INSTANT THE THREE CRIMINALS NONCHALANTLY STEP OFF THE ROOF, AND COMMENCE RUNNING ALONG THE EMPTY AIR...



WITH THEIR HEARTS IN THEIR THROATS, SLAM AND SHORTY HESITANTLY FOLLOW!



GROWING MURMUR EXPANDS INTO A CONSTANT RAR AS THE OCCUPANTS OF THE CITY BELOW
FIGHT THE ESCAPING FUGITIVES...



SOON DOZENS OF RAYS BEGIN TO STRIKE UPWARD,
NARROWLY MISSING THE FLEEING GROUP...



THE FUGITIVES TAKE HOPE AS THEY SEE THE
GREEN RAYS WHICH ENCIRCLE THE CITY, NOT FAR
AHEAD...



A NEW DIFFICULTY! UP FROM THE CITY FLASHES
A DOZEN SIMILARLY-CLAD MEN...



A MOMENT, THE NEWCOMERS HOVER MID-AIR
BETWEEN THE ADVANCING FIVE AND THE RAYS...



THE SKY BLACKENS AS BILLOWS OF POISONED
GAS AND GUN BOLTS CROSS BETWEEN THE TWO
BATTLING PARTIES!



THE OPPOSITION BREAKS! FORWARD INTO THE
RAYS! WADING BLINDLY THRU!! -- A HELL
OF GREEN BLINDING LIGHT! AND THEN FREEDOM!
ESCAPE! THE BARRIER HAS BEEN PASSED!



SHORTLY LATER, THEIR HEAVY SUITS DISCARDED,
THE ESCAPING GROUP CRASHES THRU THE JUN-
GLE, AND FINALLY SIGHT THE LONG-SOUGHT
TIME-TRAVELING MACHINE...



BUT AS SLAM AND SHORTY PREPARE TO ENTER THE TIME-VESSEL...

LOOK! THEY'RE POINTING THEIR WEAPONS AT US!

THE DOUBLE-CROSSERS! DON'T MOVE OR WE'RE DONE FOR!



LAUGHING BRUTALLY, THE BIRD-MAN AND HUMAN-BEING ENTER THE TIME-CAR, LEAVING THE PLANT-GUARD BEHIND TO WATCH THE PRISONERS...

THEY'LL SOON LEARN THEY WON'T NEED US TO SHOW THEM HOW TO GUIDE THE VESSEL, AN' THEN WE'RE DONE FOR!

NOW THAT THEY'VE GOT THE MACHINE, THEY'RE GOING TO LEAVE US BEHIND!



AT THAT INSTANT... THERE COMES A SHOT FROM THE UNDERBUSH... THE PLANT-MAN COLLAPSES...



PROFESSOR KENTON!

I ESCAPED THAT TIGER. WHEN I REVIVED, JUST NOW, I SAW YOU AND SHORTY MENACED BY THAT CREATURE!

LOOK OUT! - THEY'RE AT THE ENTRANCE!

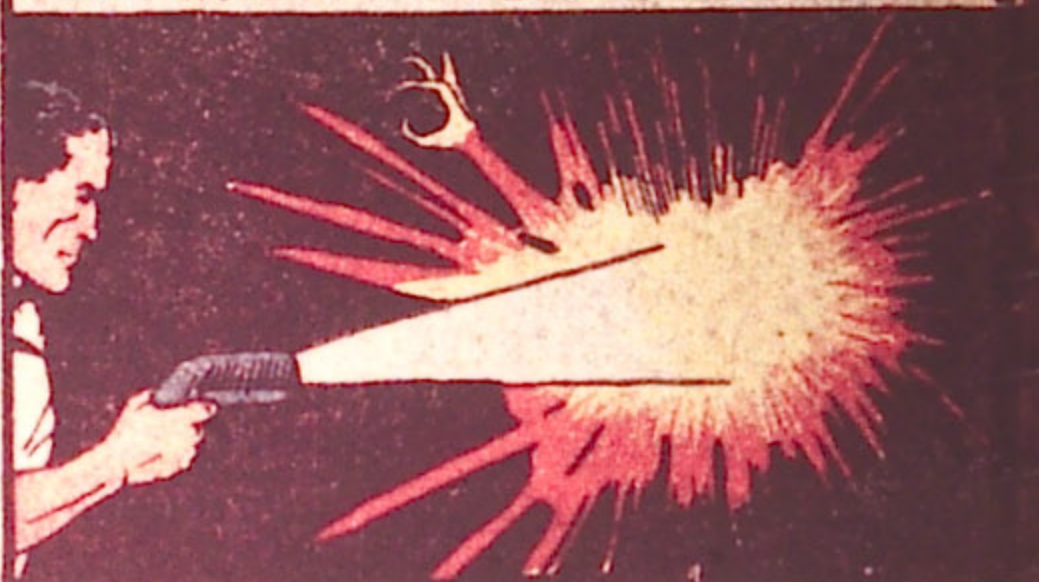


AS THE TWO CRIMINALS RAISE THEIR WEAPONS, KENTON SHOTS DOWN THE HUMAN-BEING - BUT WHEN HE ATTEMPTS TO SHOOT AGAIN, HIS GUN CLICKS UPON AN EMPTY CHAMBER...

THE BIRD-MAN! GET HIM SLAM!



SWIFTLY SLAM SCOOPS UP THE HUMAN-BEING'S FALLEN WEAPON. AS HE FIRES, THE BIRD-MAN'S WEAPON EXPLODES IN HIS FACE!



SEVERAL MOMENTS LATER, WITH SLAM AND SHORTY AND THE PROFESSOR ABOARD, THE TIME-FLIER VANISHES INTO THIN AIR...



1938 A.D.!

IF YOU GENTLEMEN STILL DON'T BELIEVE I'VE CREATED A TIME-MACHINE, I'LL TAKE YOU INTO THE PAST!

WE BELIEVE YOU!

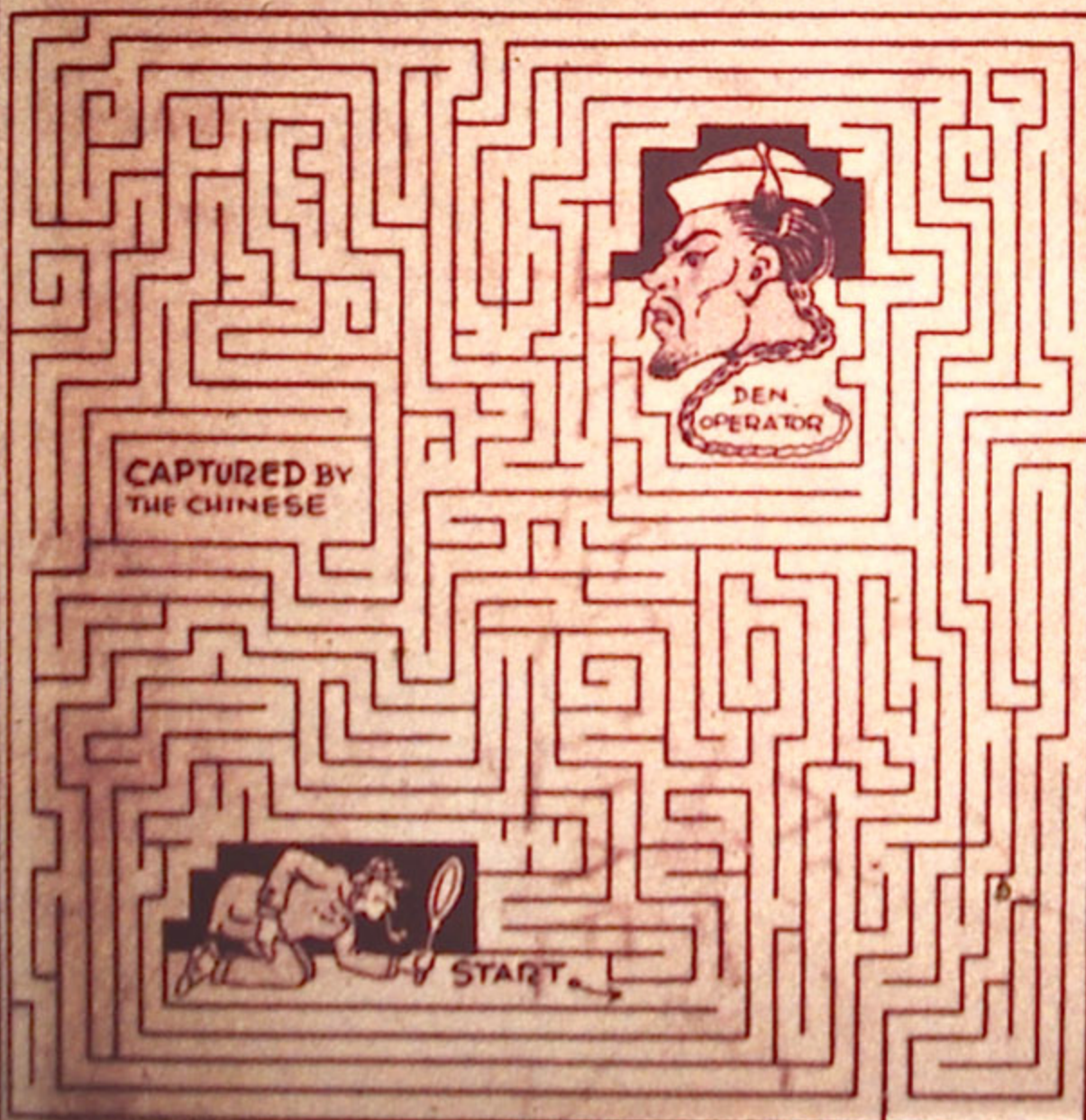
DON'T WORRY!



DETECTIVE PUZZLES

Let's play detective

TRY TO WIN THIS MAZE GAME BY WEAVING YOUR WAY THROUGH THE CROOKED UNDERGROUND TUNNELS OF CHINATOWN TO CAPTURE THE ELUSIVE OPIUM DEN OPERATOR. PLAY FAIR. TRACE BETWEEN THE LINES AND DO NOT TURN BACK IF YOU LAND IN A PATH THAT WILL LEAD YOU TO BE "CAPTURED," THUS LOSING THE GAME.



FIVE WELL KNOWN FLOWERS ARE REPRESENTED BY THESE PICTURES. CAN YOU READ THEM?



2 · 3 · 4 · 5 · 6 · 7 · 8 · 9 · 10

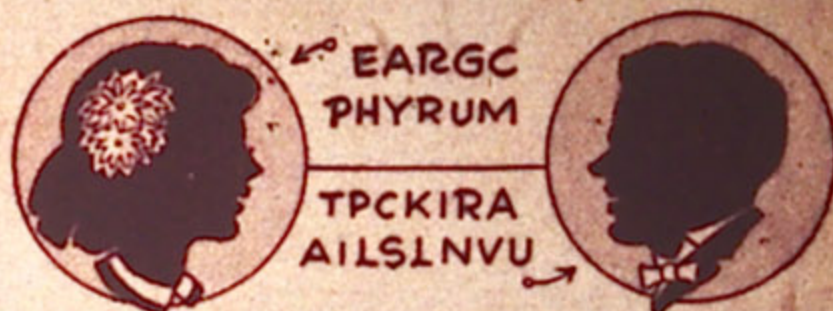


HERE IS AN INTERESTING LITTLE PROBLEM, AND NOT AT ALL DIFFICULT. TAKE THE NUMBERS FROM 2 TO 10, AND ARRANGE THEM ONE IN EACH SQUARE, KEEPING THE 6 WHERE IT IS, SO THAT ALL THE ROWS ACROSS, DOWN AND DIAGONALLY FROM CORNER TO CORNER WILL ADD UP TO EXACTLY 18.

TINGLING BROTHERS' HBOXEBOX TKIHAZKG' LBKLMG, HAZ XKZCH-ZGH GAIJ IO ZCKHA, NKZGZOHG AMDTI HAZ ECKXZGH EBSBOX NZKRIKDBOX ZEZNACOH



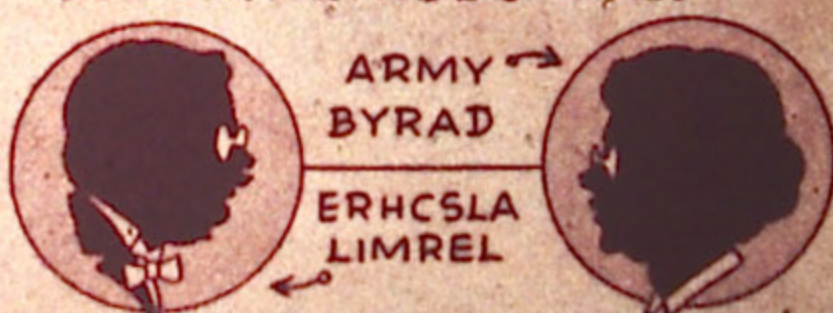
THE ABOVE CRYPTOGRAM SENTENCE IS WRITTEN IN CODE. SEE IF YOU CAN READ IT WHEN A LETTER IS REPEATED IT IS ALWAYS THE SAME CODE LETTER THROUGHOUT. THE FIRST TWO WORDS "HBOXEBOX TKIHAZKG" TRANSLATED ARE "TINGLING BROTHERS." SEE WHAT RELATION "HBOXEBOX TKIHAZKG" ARE TO "TINGLING BROTHERS." BY USING THE SAME SYSTEM OF TRANSLATION THROUGHOUT YOU CAN READ THE SENTENCE. SPACES AND PUNCTUATION ARE RETAINED.



EARGC
PHYRUM

TPCKIRA
AILSLNVU

SEE IF YOU CAN ASSIST DICK SHAW, THE BAFFLED G-MAN, IN CAPTURING FOUR ELUSIVE COUNTERFEITERS. REARRANGE EACH GROUP OF LETTERS TO SPELL THEIR FIRST AND LAST NAMES.



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1-Tube Pocket Radio

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Apparently See Through Flesh, Etc.

GREAT CURIOSITY! While it is the most apparently see the bones in the fingers, lead in a pencil, even the flesh in your hand. Ready 10c



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 down, double knee throw, stick
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[illegible]

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[illegible]

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 board member. The perfect bait that gives it real power.
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